

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1892.

IS THE INDIAN RACE DOOMED?

BY GENERAL LEWIS MERRILL.

EXCEPT in the relations of England to some of her conquered subjects, history furnishes no parallel to the shameful story of the treatment of the American aborigine by the American people.

Whether in the common origin of the two oppressing nations is to be found

emphasize the growing determination that the fact shall cease to be.

The history of the relations of the English-speaking nation on this continent to the red man may be summed up in a few words. The white race encroached on him until he resisted and fought,



ISSUE-DAY CAMP—SIOUX AGENCY.

the prime reason for this fact, or whether it is a more or less necessary incident to progress of all great peoples, need not be inquired into. As a fact, it is beyond controversy, and the knowledge of it should make the blood of every American tingle with shame, and especially

whipped him for fighting, took his lands from him because he was whipped, and as soon as new encroachments drove him to renewed resistance, repeated the whipping and the capture of his lands. And so on, until the continent belongs to the whites, and the remaining Indians are

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tolerated and undisturbed, chiefly because they have little left that anybody very much wants.

It is true that the superior race will always dispossess and drive out or practically extinguish by absorption the inferior. It is true that human progress toward the highest and best that may be attained is not to be allowed to be blocked and stopped by that part of the human race which cannot or obstinately refuses to join the advance. But it is not true that this justifies the superior people in cruel and tyrannical disregard of the natural rights of the inferior race.

So long as men are men, and not a superior kind of angels, so long as nations are in character and conduct only the aggregate average of their individual components, so long will some wrong and injustice exist. But has not the Anglo-Saxon developed enough of the higher law of right to bring us to the time when if wrong toward our inferior races does not entirely cease, at least our action shall be free from those grosser outrages so shamefully characterizing the past?

If it be thought I have too strongly stated the history of the past, let the reader go over the story as told by Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson some years ago. Possibly the enthusiasm of a woman, and the righteous wrath aroused by what she had seen may have tempted her to paint somewhat too vividly parts of her

picture, but in the essence of her story it is truly told.

Now the righteous man, if practical, asks, What shall be done to remedy this? The question is grave. Very much that was possible only a few years ago is now impossible. In much the wrong has gone too far for just and full remedy.

New conditions, new rights, and human progress are too deeply involved to be torn out by the roots in order that the past may be retrieved and full restitution made. But some things may be done.

First.—From now on do no more wrong by the power of the nation, but use that power to its extreme to prevent and punish individual oppression of the Indian.

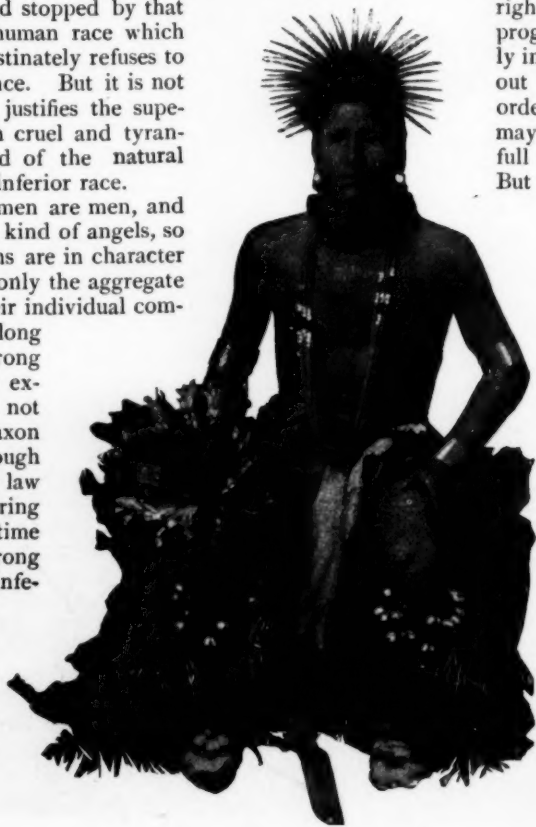
Second.—Endeavor by united and intelligent effort to ameliorate the physical condition of the Indian, to enlighten his understanding of the aspiration of the higher type of the human race, and edu-

cate him to imitate the progress of the best races.

Third.—Give him freely, in return for what he has been robbed of, all the aid he must have to these ends, and—

Finally, *make him a citizen.*

A small part of what is indicated is being done now, but in a feeble and in-



FULL DRESS UNIFORM, SIOUX WARRIOR.

adequate way, and with very much ignorance and misapprehension of what must be done and how to do it best.

Schools and missions have a most useful purpose, and where intelligently managed, a reasonable measure of success. But they are not always intelligently managed, and only too frequently fail of practical good because of misconception of the object.

At the risk of being charged with irreverence, which I wholly repudiate, it must be said, and cannot be said too forcibly, that an Indian is not changed from a savage to a progressive human being by inducing him to profess some form of the Christian religion. Christianity is good, but it grows to no result unless planted in good soil. The good priest, or parson, or devoted missionary may feel very confident that he has done a vast good and saved a human soul by turning an Indian into a professor of the Christian religion, but if he fail at the same time to teach the Christian Indian how to save his body, how to make material worldly advancement, he has made small progress toward the bettering of the Indian race. Pure souls cannot exist in foul bodies, and among degraded surroundings, and no ignorant acquiescence in religious faith or form is enough to put the Indian on the way to better things.

The failures of accomplishment in Indian schools and missions are, in large degree, because of failure on the part of the good and devoted people who have charge of them to appreciate that seed is fruitful only when the soil in which it is planted is suitably prepared for its growth. With many of them the end is reached when the

savage is baptized and professes the Christian faith, while no useful end is reached until this also carries with it the desire and knowledge how to make material progress.

The idea of property, of the right of the individual to personal ownership of something that he and others value, is at the very root of civilization. This idea has had hardly any healthy growth among the Indians. The soil belonged, in their view, to the whole tribe, and no individual rights to particular parts of it were recognized. The product of the soil was the gift of the Great Spirit and belonged to any taker of it. Game belonged to the successful slayer of it, and even he claimed small right in it over any other who wished to share in it. Domestic animals had a qualified recognized ownership, but no great wrong was done by one who found and appropriated to his use what was recognized



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THE ARTHUR PUBLISHING COMPANY.
E. STANLEY HART, President.

JOSEPH P. REED, - - - Editor.

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WHAT 1892 PROMISES OUR READERS.

With some people promises are made at this time of the year only to be forgotten later, in the dull months of summer.

The present publishers of this magazine made no promises when they took

charge of it last June, but carefully kept all that had been made by our predecessors.

Even in December we did not publish, with a loud flourish of trumpets, a long list of contributors that we did not have, nor have we undertaken any great reform of the world for the coming year.

We prefer to allow our work to speak for us as it progresses. We believe each month has been in some way an improvement on the one before it, and now, with our new cover and new type, new departments, and the offer we make of free dress-patterns, we can challenge the world to show an equal amount given for the same money. Remember this is a magazine printed in book form and not a "monthly newspaper" filled with advertising.

Our list of contributors for 1892 will bear favorable comparison with any of the large \$4.00 magazines.

We want, each month, to give you a genuine surprise and not spoil your enjoyment of the feast by telling you now what you are to have. It is only the cook who does not enjoy the dinner, and mainly because she knows all the time just what is to be served.

The present number will be a fair sample of each. The Editor will contribute, during the year, handsomely-illustrated articles on "The Great Amazon Valley," "Life in the Far West," "How the Indians Are Treated," etc., all from his own experience, and illustrated from photographs "taken on the spot."

"The World's Fair" will be carefully continued by Mr. Dorr.

A series of articles by "Famous Physicians" on the care of children will be published during 1892.

Nearly all who have written for us during the past year, have articles specially prepared for this magazine. The serial stories will not be as long-drawn-out as they have been, but of a much better quality and style. We have several stories of intense interest and full of excitement and romance that will be completed in from two to three numbers, plenty of short sketches of American Life both in the cities and on the plains that are wonderfully well told, and yet we promise our readers that not one line shall ever be printed in this magazine that could not be read aloud in the family circle to your children. We shall hope and endeavor to make it so good, so pure, so elevating, and yet so interesting that the good old man whose name it bears might be able to say, as he did over forty years ago, "The HOME MAGAZINE will come, we trust, as a *valued friend* and *pleasant visitor*, and leave the minds of all who read it refreshed and strengthened."

THE BROTHERS THREE.

This story, which has proved intensely interesting, but too long, will be completed in our February number.

We have sent this January issue to all our *old subscribers* whether they had renewed their subscriptions or not, but if there are any of last year's subscribers who do not intend to renew for 1892, that would like to have the concluding chapter who will send us two (2) two-cent stamps to pay the expense of mailing, we will gladly send them the February magazine also.

This is probably offering you a premium not to renew your subscription, but, on the other hand, it is keeping faith with all of you. To our new subscribers we

are giving so much that they can hardly complain about the small amount of space taken up by this serial story, and we shall more than make it up during the year.

THREE MONTHS FREE.

Our offer of last month to give all new subscribers three months free if sent in before January 1st, is extended one month longer at the request of a large number of our friends who have been delayed in getting their friends to subscribe.

COUPONS EXTENDED.

The coupon offer made in November is also extended one month for the same reason.

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ALL YOUR PATTERNS FREE.

As you will see by examining the Fashion Supplement, we have arranged with Messrs. McCall & Co., of New York, to give each of you three dollars' worth of the latest patterns free during the year 1892. You are not limited to the few patterns we publish, as in other magazines, but you have the choice of thousands.



BY JOSEPH P. REED.

BOOK NOTES.

THROWN On Her Own Resources. Mrs. J. C. Croly (Jenny June). Thomas J. Crowell & Co., Publishers.—This is a book that should find its way into the hands of every workingwoman, so full is it of practical suggestions, so kindly and sympathetic is its tone. Mrs. Croly comprehends the needs and the limitations of girls who are making their own way in the world, with the many hindrances that often beset them, and in two pleasantly-written chapters gives them many useful hints with regard to the proper dress and food for the workingwoman. The whole book is full of friendly counsel; but these two chapters we especially commend, because this is the sort of knowledge that girls need. The contrast between the millionaire's daughter, in her well-made cotton gown, and the shop-girl, in her "flimsy silk-oline," is admirably drawn, and the story of the girl who planned her home work and cooking so well that they received due attention, and yet did not interfere with her regular employment outside, is a chapter of domestic science worthy the attention of those who make a serious study of the problems of life.

One Reason Why. Beatrice Whitby. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.—*One Reason Why* is the story of a young girl who on her mother's death is compelled to earn her own living. She becomes governess to two charming children belonging to an old family whose chief heirlooms are a very beautiful estate and the tradition of a revengeful ghost. While filling this position she falls in love with and wins the love of the heir. After overcoming the usual amount of obstacles, real and imaginary, they are happily married. The marriage of the eldest son with one whose social position is beneath his, seems to satisfy the ghost who in life had herself been a governess in the family, who had been murdered, and the ill-luck of the house disappears. Like all of Miss Whitby's stories the book is well written and interesting; her children are particularly well drawn.

Donald Ross, of Heimra. William Black. Harper & Brothers, Publishers.—The young heiress and heroine of this story who makes such brave efforts to improve the conditions and remove all the discontent of her Highland tenants, reminds us of the fable of the old man and his donkey. In this case, however, the task is lightened by the friendship and aid of the son of the former laird, Donald Ross, of Heimra. Of course, the heiress and Donald are married in the orthodox way and the book ends happily. This book is, we think, the best Mr. Black has written for

some time and worthy of being classed among his most successful novels.

Tales of Two Countries. Alexander Killand. Harper & Brothers, Publishers.—These stories, which amount to little more than sketches, are written in a clear, vigorous style. Most of them are decidedly cynical, "A Good Conscience" being the most striking example of this. The "Peat Moor" is the prettiest sketch in the volume, which is thoroughly enjoyable throughout.

The Heirs of Bradley House. Amanda Douglass. Lee & Shepard, Publishers.—We think this story somewhat spoiled by being very long-drawn out, rambling, and possessing too many characters for the author's management.

Grandfather Gray. Kate Tannatt Woods. Lee & Shepard, Publishers.—This poem so daintily illustrated cannot fail to find its way into the hearts of old and young alike, carrying us back to the days of long ago.

STORIES FOR GIRLS.

In Old Quinnebasset. Sophie May. Lee & Shepard, Publishers.—Sophie May has endeared herself to girls from childhood up by the *Dottie Dimple* books and others too numerous and well known to mention. *Old Quinnebasset* we do not think as interesting as her others. It is somewhat rambling and has too many characters to be well handled. It is, however, pretty and agreeably written.

BOOKS FOR THE CHILDREN.

Tom Tucker and Little Bo-Peep. Thomas Hood. Illustrated in colors by Alice Wheaton Adams. Cassell Publishing Company.—Lovers of *Mother Goose* will find a treat before them in this edition of Hood's poem, which is really a condensed *Mother Goose*. The illustrations are beautiful and the book one which will make a very dainty Christmas gift for the little ones.

New and True. Mary Wiley Staver. Lee & Shepard, Publishers.—These rhymes and rhythms and histories droll cannot fail to prove attractive to the children in this handsomely illustrated edition.

Little Captain Doppelkop. Ingersoll Lockwood. Illustrated by Clifton Johnson. Lee & Shepard, Publishers.—This quaintly told tale of the wonderful adventures of a funny little captain among funny people in Bubbleland will be found very entertaining reading for the small folks, who will enjoy it all, especially the visit of Captain Doppelkop to the "Gummi-Hummis," the queer jelly people with their sea-green hair and transparent bodies. The book is full of interesting adventures and cannot fail to please.

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OVER OR UNDER?

IN DARKEST AFRICA.

"How dare you be so familiar, sir?" asked the man, whose back had been rather violently stroked by the elephant.

"Just thought I'd touch your hump for luck," answered the elephant. "I expect to tackle the tiger this evening."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

The Wife—"Before we married you promised to let mamma come to visit us as often as she pleased."

The Husband—"Well, she has ceased to please."—*Life*.

"I say, pa, heard the news?"

"No, my boy. What is it?"

"Why, they aren't going to have the lamp-posts any longer."

"I am surprised. What is the reason?"

"Why, they're long enough."—*Tit-Bits*.

IN MEMORIAM.

He came with a poem, and dire intent,
And up the sanctum stairs he went;
Hope and a smile on his face were blended,

And this
the
man-
ner
in
which
he
ascend-
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He bearded the editor in his lair,
And began a-reading his poem fair;
But the editor stopped him before he had ended.

And this is the manner in which he descended.

—*Yankee Blade*.

THEN HE BRISTLED UP.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man who had been standing up in the aisle of the car, as he wedged himself down by the side of a man who was trying to occupy two seats, "but have you ever traveled in Germany?"

"I have not, sir," gruffly answered the party addressed.

"It's an interesting country," rejoined the other, pleasantly. "You ought to visit it. You would have no trouble getting in now."—*Chicago Tribune*.

ALWAYS ALERT.

"Goodness, John! How queer baby looks. I believe he is going to have a fit."

"By George! I believe you are right. Where's my camera?"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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they've a quar-
relled. - I've
mother-in-law
says there's nothin'
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shepherd sticks
to his run and
water.*

*There's no need
to drop him
in the water butt
after all, Samivel."*



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Younghusband—"If I were you, my dear, I wouldn't tell my friends I had trimmed that hair myself."

Mrs. Younghusband—"Why, love, would it be conceited?"

Younghusband—"No; superfluous."—*Life*.

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Wheelmen's Gazette, Indianapolis, Ind.

TIT FOR TAT.

Bleeker—"We New Yorkers spend four million dollars a year for umbrellas. You Philadelphians can't make a showing like that."

Chestnut—"No; we have sense enough to go in when it rains."

WILLING TO DO HIS BEST.

"Johnny," said the pretty teacher, "what is a kiss?"

"I can't exactly put it in words," returned the boy; "but if yer really wanten know, I can show yer."

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while?"

"No, darling, you might let him fall. But nurse
will let you carry the baby, if you ask her."—*Bur-*
dett, in Phila. Press.

Ethel—"Did you see papa?"

William—"I did. He was awfully stiff with me."

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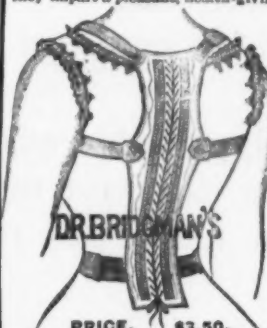
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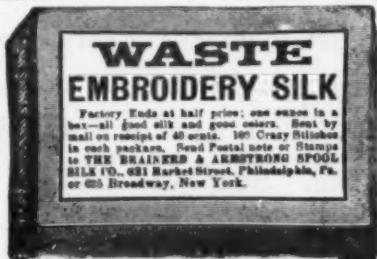
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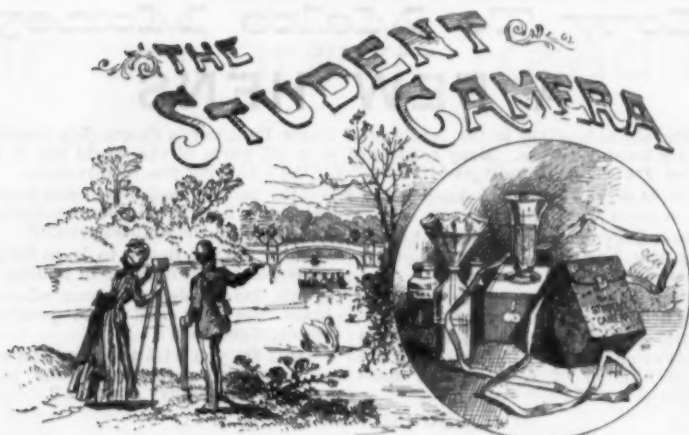
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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1892.

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BY HENRY LEWIS MORGAN.

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it furnishes no parallel to the shame-
less and cruel treatment of the Ameri-
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INDIAN CAMP—DANCE GROUND.

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whipped him for fighting, took his lands
from him because he was whipped, and as
soon as new settlements drove him to
renewed resistance, repeated the whipping
and the capture of his lands. And so
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"Look on Loava Puntal. It was the Great House of the"

Mothers of the

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1892.

IS THE INDIAN RACE DOOMED?

BY GENERAL LEWIS MERRILL.

EXCEPT in the relations of England to some of her conquered subjects, history furnishes no parallel to the shameful story of the treatment of the American aborigine by the American people.

Whether in the common origin of the two oppressing nations is to be found

emphasize the growing determination that the fact shall cease to be.

The history of the relations of the English-speaking nation on this continent to the red man may be summed up in a few words. The white race encroached on him until he resisted and fought,



ISSUE-DAY CAMP—SIOUX AGENCY.

the prime reason for this fact, or whether it is a more or less necessary incident to progress of all great peoples, need not be inquired into. As a fact, it is beyond controversy, and the knowledge of it should make the blood of every American tingle with shame, and especially

whipped him for fighting, took his lands from him because he was whipped, and as soon as new encroachments drove him to renewed resistance, repeated the whipping and the capture of his lands. And so on, until the continent belongs to the whites, and the remaining Indians are

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tolerated and undisturbed, chiefly because they have little left that anybody very much wants.

It is true that the superior race will always dispossess and drive out or practically extinguish by absorption the inferior. It is true that human progress toward the highest and best that may be attained is not to be allowed to be blocked and stopped by that part of the human race which cannot or obstinately refuses to join the advance. But it is not true that this justifies the superior people in cruel and tyrannical disregard of the natural rights of the inferior race.

So long as men are men, and not a superior kind of angels, so long as nations are in character and conduct only the aggregate average of their individual components, so long will some wrong and injustice exist. But has not the Anglo-Saxon developed enough of the higher law of right to bring us to the time when if wrong toward our inferior races does not entirely cease, at least our action shall be free from those grosser outrages so shamefully characterizing the past?

If it be thought I have too strongly stated the history of the past, let the reader go over the story as told by Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson some years ago. Possibly the enthusiasm of a woman, and the righteous wrath aroused by what she had seen may have tempted her to paint somewhat too vividly parts of her

picture, but in the essence of her story it is truly told.

Now the righteous man, if practical, asks, What shall be done to remedy this? The question is grave. Very much that was possible only a few years ago is now impossible. In much the wrong has gone too far for just and full remedy.

New conditions, new rights, and human progress are too deeply involved to be torn out by the roots in order that the past may be retrieved and full restitution made. But some things may be done.

First.—From now on do no more wrong by the power of the nation, but use that power to its extreme to prevent and punish individual oppression of the Indian.

Second.—Endeavor by united and intelligent effort to ameliorate the physical condition of the Indian, to enlighten his understanding of the aspiration of the higher type of the human race, and edu-

cate him to imitate the progress of the best races.

Third.—Give him freely, in return for what he has been robbed of, all the aid he must have to these ends, and—

Finally, *make him a citizen.*

A small part of what is indicated is being done now, but in a feeble and in-



FULL DRESS UNIFORM, SIOUX WARRIOR.

adequate way, and with very much ignorance and misapprehension of what must be done and how to do it best.

Schools and missions have a most useful purpose, and where intelligently managed, a reasonable measure of success. But they are not always intelligently managed, and only too frequently fail of practical good because of misconception of the object.

At the risk of being charged with irreverence, which I wholly repudiate, it must be said, and cannot be said too forcibly, that an Indian is not changed from a savage to a progressive human being by inducing him to profess some form of the Christian religion. Christianity is good, but it grows to no result unless planted in good soil. The good priest, or parson, or devoted missionary may feel very confident that he has done a vast good and saved a human soul by turning an Indian into a professor of the Christian religion, but if he fail at the same time to teach the Christian Indian how to save his body, how to make material worldly advancement, he has made small progress toward the bettering of the Indian race. Pure souls cannot exist in foul bodies, and among degraded surroundings, and no ignorant acquiescence in religious faith or form is enough to put the Indian on the way to better things.

The failures of accomplishment in Indian schools and missions are, in large degree, because of failure on the part of the good and devoted people who have charge of them to appreciate that seed is fruitful only when the soil in which it is planted is suitably prepared for its growth. With many of them the end is reached when the

savage is baptized and professes the Christian faith, while no useful end is reached until this also carries with it the desire and knowledge how to make material progress.

The idea of property, of the right of the individual to personal ownership of something that he and others value, is at the very root of civilization. This idea has had hardly any healthy growth among the Indians. The soil belonged, in their view, to the whole tribe, and no individual rights to particular parts of it were recognized. The product of the soil was the gift of the Great Spirit and belonged to any taker of it. Game belonged to the successful slayer of it, and even he claimed small right in it over any other who wished to share in it. Domestic animals had a qualified recognized ownership, but no great wrong was done by one who found and appropriated to his use what was recognized



"THE GALL," WAR LEADER IN THE CUSTER MASSACRE.

as the property of another, and if the other were an enemy, a degree of credit attached to the one who stole it.

To a degree this has changed and is now more rapidly changing. But both schools and missions give too little attention to developing the idea that what is gained by the labor of a man is his personal belonging, and that his right to possess it must be protected, and must be based on the idea that it is the result of his own effort. Hence, labor is not dignified because it has no permanent rewards, and savages have no incentive to personal exertion except so much as is needed to sustain mere physical existence.

Teach the savage to recognize property rights and to base his recognition of them on the belief that property is the reward of labor, and the first step toward civilization is taken; with even a moderate degree of civilization the better moral teaching will bear fruit, without it no profession of religious faith will bear aught but dry husks.

So the great work of the Indian training schools at Hampton, Carlisle, and other places, loses much of its possible result, because, the pupils go back to people who have learned nothing of what has been taught the Indian boy and girl at the school. The young Indian at the school, has unlearned all that his people respect, and the old Indian to whose association he returns, has learned no respect for the newly-acquired knowledge. This is not to say, abolish or discourage the schools, but it is to say do not stop your work half done. Sow your seed and cultivate the young plant at Hampton or Carlisle, or where you please, but prepare the soil to which you transplant the sprout so that it is not wholly inhospitable to its future growth.

Few of the Indian tribes have at any time been cultivators of the soil, and west of the Missouri River, on the great plains, practically none of them were ever even in the smallest way farmers. Game and fish were almost their sole reliance for food. Hence they were nomads, and by habit of life and training admirably fitted to be made a pastoral people.

Besides this they lived in a country ill-adapted to successful farming, but for flocks and herds the best in the country. As the advance of civilization pressed upon them and their ranges became more and more circumscribed by white men, and finally when the buffalo wholly disappeared, they must have some new means of living. Here, owning as they did a country capable of sustaining herds and flocks as innumerable as the buffalo had once been, themselves already with superior training in all that herdsmen or shepherds should know, the amazing stupidity is committed of attempting to turn them into farmers, of which they knew nothing, and that too on the very worst and most barren part of a country where the most skilled white farmer, on the best part of it, is well off if he succeeds in getting his living out of one crop in three years. Possibly it is now too late to change this, but it was one of those blunders which are worse than crimes, because their bad effect is so much more far-reaching. Governments are not always wise, nor always honest, still less so are those who administer governments, especially when, as was the case in that instance, few of the officials gave the matter intelligent study, and few men who knew the facts had any heed given to their utterances, while, on the other hand, all the political pressure came from those who stood on the borders of the Indian reservations and looked longingly and greedily across at prospective homesteads, town-sites, and land grants.

The Indian has had few active and intelligent friends (even these few were not heeded), and no rights that the superior white man or his government were bound to respect. Of course the Indian went to the wall.

Here it may properly be said that the most intelligent, the most active, and the truest friend the Indian has ever had is the officer of the army, who spends most of his life at some isolated military post on the Indian frontier. The Indian himself now and always recognized that this is true.

First.—He respects the officer because he represents the force which will compel

him if necessary, and nothing is so much respected by uncivilized man as force.

Second.—The officer of the army never lied to him and never broke faith with him.

Third.—In all his dealings with him, he found him not only a brave man in arms, but a kind, truthful, and friendly man in peace, one who fought him vigorously when he had to, but neither lied to him nor robbed him. He respected and trusted the army officer, while he had only too many good reasons to hate and distrust the average civilian with whom he came in contact.

Some thoughtless or untruthful persons have many times quoted as from Sheridan or Sherman, "the good Indian dies young," or "the good Indian is the dead Indian." Neither Sheridan nor Sherman nor any other intelligent officer of the army ever held such an opinion, or expressed seriously such a thought.

Other ignorant and thoughtless people have said that the officers of the army are always anxious and willing to stir up war with the Indians, in order that they may have the chance to gratify an ambition for military fame. Nothing could be further from the truth. No man who knows the horror and suffering of war has any wish for war. Still less any ambition to stir up strife in which he can gather no laurels, except that self-com-

mendation which follows duty faithfully done. War to the soldier, and especially Indian war, means deprivation of all that gives beauty and comfort to life, home, and family. It means hardships, hunger and thirst, heat and cold, sickness and danger, and with what reward? As has been said, "the glory of being shot by a savage, buried in a trench, and your name misspelled in the dispatches."



AN INDIAN POLITICIAN, "RUNNING ANTELOPE."



WAR DANCE.

No, the most peace-loving men are those who have known most of war, and have done their duty in war, and the best and most valuable friends of the Indian are found in the army.

With such wide divergences of opinion as to the character and capacity of the Indian as are attributed to Bishop Hare and the Rev. Adirondack Murray it might seem difficult to reach a just conclusion. But by persons who have known and studied many different tribes and individuals, expressions of wholesale condemnation and unqualified praise are at once rejected, as from men either incapable of forming correct judgment, or simply uttering stupid nonsense.

The Indian shows every variety of natural character and capacity that can be found in the rest of the human race. Some few tribes are almost wholly and hopelessly degraded—are scarcely more than wild beasts in human form. They are, however, the exception. In all tribes some individuals are hopelessly vicious, and like similar persons found among the most civilized peoples, are insolvable problems. No laws of restraint, no efforts of moral training have or can

reclaim them. But Indians, like other human beings, generally show the traits, character, and conduct which distinguish the whole human race.

By one the Indian is denounced as a cruel, heartless barbarian, whose atrocities in war put him without the pale of human sympathy, and make his civilization impossible. He mutilates the body of his dead enemy, he burns at the stake his live captive, he defiles the dead and tortures the living. We need not go far back into history to find the Christian Church doing the same things. But the Indian observes the laws of war as he knows them. If he tortures his captive, that is precisely what his captive would have done to him in reversed cases. If he mutilates the dead, that is in exact accord with what he would have expected had the fortunes of the fight been different. It is idle to condemn from our standpoint practices which are indeed barbarous, but which are in no way departures from the laws of barbarous war. We need only to go to the record of recent wars between civilized nations to find practices of cruelties and tortures of living captives, which though of another

kind were not less inhuman than the worst that an Indian ever inflicted upon a captive. It is within easy memory when living Sepoys were bound to the cannons mouth and blown to atoms.

Again one asserts that the Indian is treacherous and a liar. He is no more so than the white man. He will steal upon his enemy and kill him while he sleeps, he will deceive and mislead him in every way he can. The highest art of war, strategy, is only the civilized evolution of the Indian's lying and treachery. In his personal relations with friends the Indian is no more treacherous and no more lying than the white man.

He is charged with cowardice because in attack he will only strike when he knows he has the advantage, and because in defense he will run away if he is inferior in force and can get away. But this is not cowardice, it is skill and good tactics. Individually and collectively Indians are not cowards. If they must fight, it is to the death. In all my knowledge of Indians I never knew of but one who ran away and left his family in danger, and he, Sitting Bull, was one of the white man's ideal Indian heroes.

As an individual soldier the Indian has every virtue that can be claimed by the white soldier, and few white military leaders have prouder records of skill, ability, and achievement than are to be found in the lives of such Indians as

Logan, Tecumseh, Keokuk, Joseph, and The Gall. Nor were these men one whit inferior in any part of their character and conduct to the best of the white chiefs who opposed and conquered them.

Gen. Philip St. George Cooke, who was present at the interview between Keokuk and Gen. Scott, said: "Between these two great men, as they stood face to face, it was indeed hard to choose which had the more soldierly bearing,



ON PICKET.

which the more noble and dignified port, or the more intelligent and powerful face. And when they spoke, for eloquence of expression, for power of thought, and for clear, logical ability to enforce statement with reason and justice, it was soon seen that Keokuk was more than the peer of the white chieftain."

History has hardly the parallel to the achievement of Chief Joseph, who retreated with his whole tribe, warriors,



INDIAN SCOUTS, U. S. ARMY.

women, and children, and all their transportable belongings, surrounded and harassed on every side by troops, several times compelled to stop and fight, crossing many wide and difficult rivers, and climbing the most rugged and inaccessible passes of the Rocky Mountains in his flight from the Nez Percés reservation almost to the border of Manitoba, for nearly eighteen hundred miles, victor in every fight until the last one, when, surrounded and hopeless, Gen. Miles compelled his surrender.

Nor can there be a finer historical picture than that of this brave and skillful leader when he stood before Gen. Miles and made his memorable speech of surrender.

No wonder that he should so excite the respect and regard of his conqueror that Gen. Miles never ceased his efforts to rectify the cowardly wrong perpetrated by the great United States Government upon this prisoner of honorable war, this broken chieftain, whom they treacherously and in broken faith held away from his home and his people in violation of the terms of surrender made with Gen. Miles.

The white soldier who can show such a record of achievement as that of Chief Joseph would justly be classed among the

great military leaders of the world.

Nor have the Indians been without wise statesmen, great orators, and skilled politicians.

To pass over those of the earlier days, the eloquence of Joseph was of the highest type. Little Thunder, the Sioux, who fought Gen. Harney at the Blue Water; Red Cloud, the Sioux; Fall Leaf, the Delaware; Satanta, the Kiowa; Running Antelope, the Sioux, and many others had such dig-

nity of bearing, such impressiveness of manner, such clearness of thought, and such eloquence of expression as would easily have put them side by side with the most distinguished of American orators.

And most of these showed such qualities of brain as would have made them great statesmen among peoples who were in the stream of the world's progress.

Running Antelope, if he were in New York, would be the Chief of Tammany; if he were in Pennsylvania, would be in the place of Senator Quay. In Maryland he would be Senator Gorman. It might be doubtful if any of these have his shrewd political skill, his keen perception of the drift of events within his ken, or his ability to keep on the winning side in the control of political machinery.

John Grass, the Sioux, is a man of commanding ability, one who, with the surroundings and advantages of the white man, would easily take rank as a politician and statesman of the first order. In the United States he would be the rival of Mr. Blaine; in England, of Mr. Gladstone.

Some good people have mistakenly objected to the recent organization of companies of Indian soldiers for the regular army. That this is done in the

best way for the good of the service may be doubted, but that such organizations will prove schools for the education and civilization of the Indian is not to be doubted.

The Indian makes an excellent soldier. Is true, brave, fairly intelligent (in his own arts more so than the white man), proud of his service, easily disciplined and taught, and most commonly not at all given to drunkenness. A term of service as a soldier in the army will advance him farther on the road to civilization, than years of any other influence I know of. Further, the effect will be wide-spreading and will exert an influence on others, both by example and by stirring among them a new spirit. As a soldier he must learn discipline, economy, thrift, and cleanliness, which his example and precept afterward will teach and enforce upon others.

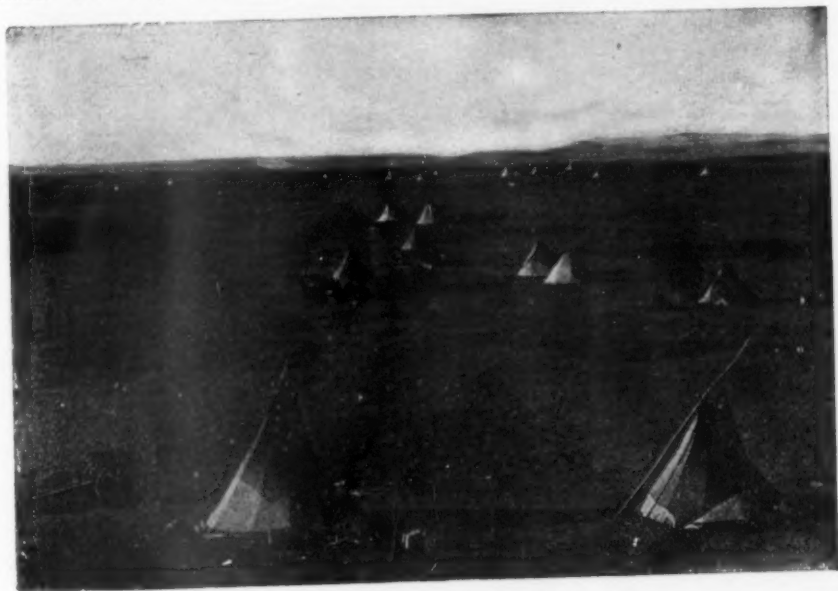
The United States would have been wise if, long ago, Indian troops had been organized, somewhat on the model of such organizations by Great Britain among the nations of her subject possessions. Not only would they have been

of the highest value as a civilizing influence, but it would have saved much and costly war with Indians. Doing it now, even in the faulty and inadequate way in which it is done, is still vastly useful, and instead of being decried and discouraged by the very good and sincere people who deplore it, should be encouraged and enlarged.

One of the first Indian companies organized was at Fort Keogh, under the gallant and lamented Casey. The camera in the illustration faithfully reproduces its appearance, which would do no discredit to white troops. Their conduct in peace and war has been beyond criticism, and the moral and civil advancement of these Indian soldiers is abundant proof that no bad results to the Indian follow military service in the army.

The later organizations of the kind are as yet too new to prove what they may become, but no one who knows Indians doubts the result.

No more fatal error was ever made by our government than that which so long controlled the policy of our relations with the Indians, in which they were



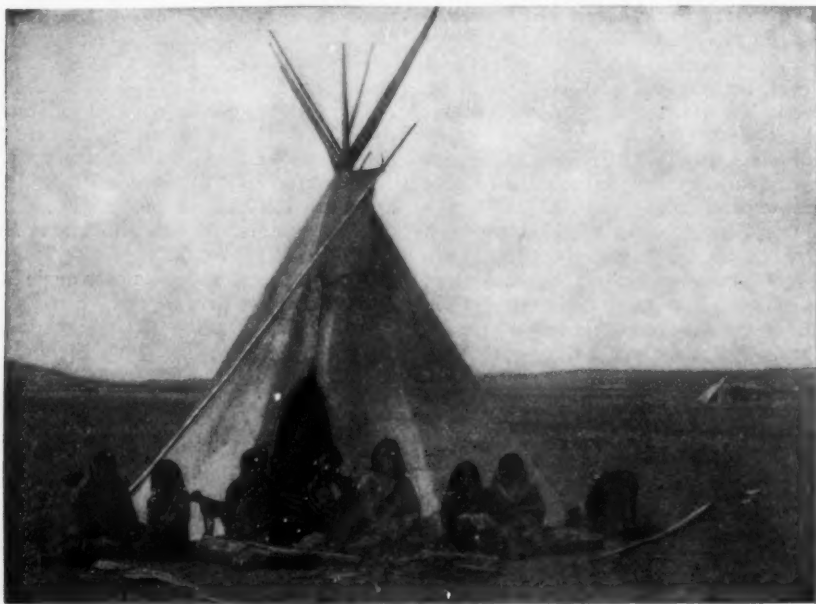
"TEPEE TOWN," INDIAN CAMP, STAN DING ROCK.

considered as "wards" of the nation, to be coddled, watched over, clothed and fed in idleness, while every effort to better them was confined to attempting to Christianize them, while nothing was done toward a sound education in correct ideas of property, labor, and other fundamental ideas of civilization.

In another way an error now partly retrieved was made. Treaties were made with them as independent and organized nations whose solemn compacts with the

part ended, but the spirit that prevailed then still to a bad degree survives.

The true solution to the Indian problem is now what it always was: absorption into the body of the citizens of the United States. Long steps in this direction have recently been taken, but the old spirit of the Indian Bureau still retards it, and unfortunately, so also does the spirit of many good missionaries and other pious people who vainly imagine that an Indian can be suddenly civilized,



SQUAWS AT HOME, BRAVES AWAY.

United States had all the ceremony of confirmation by the Senate. Constantly the tribal organization was fostered and encouraged, and the Indians instead of being absorbed among the whites, were left together in bands and tribes and isolated from what might easily have been a good and useful influence, that of the whites, who thus only had contact with the more vicious class of Indians who sought white association for the sake of the idleness and firewater which it permitted. True, this is now in

by converting him to a profession of the Christian religion.

They seem to think that the Indians should be kept together in helpless tutelage, for fear that contact with the whites, which under vicious conditions had been so mischievous to the Indian, would under proper conditions still demoralize him and make his conversion to Christianity more difficult.

I would not for one moment be understood as wishing to discourage or discontinue efforts to Christianize, but only

to emphasize the fact that those alone are valueless. When the Indian has learned to work, to earn and own property, to respect the property of others because they too have earned it and own it, then and not till then, can you make an intelligent Christian of him.

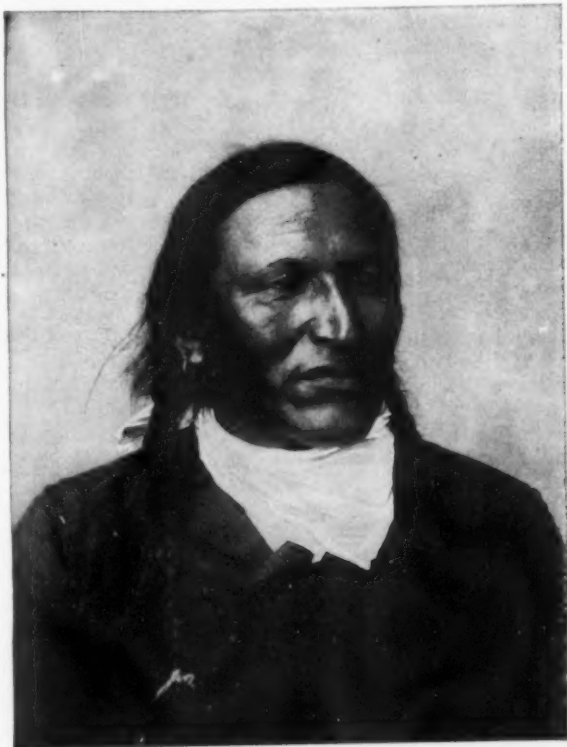
You must first change him from the savage, with savage ideas and aspirations, to the civilized man with civilized ideas, with some knowledge and respect for the essential laws of civilized human association, and then you may hope to make him a Christian with some real notion of the spirit of the teachings of Christ. Without this you may make a professor of Christianity, observing in an ignorant way some form of worship, but in fact without his profession having the slightest influence on his life or morals—a pious fraud and worthless man, but not a Christian.

The domestic life of the Indian is largely what the natural instincts of the human race, and the special condition in which the Indian maintains his existence, might be expected to make it.

The idea of the family is universal among them, and from that came the broader idea of the tribe. Polygamy is common, and women are quite commonly the objects of purchase and sale in marriage. Whether more so than is the practical fact among more highly enlightened people may be questioned. Usually the man who wishes to take a woman for his wife makes his negotiation with the woman's father. A present of ponies, blankets, or other valuables brings the consent of the parent. The woman chosen rarely ob-

jects, though, when she does, such objection often breaks off the negotiation. The value of the present is graded by the ability of the man who gives it, and also by the supposed value of the woman. This is graded by her personal appearance, her family standing in blood and influence, and by the strength of the desire of the suitor to possess her.

Marriage rites differ in different tribes, but no religious or civil ceremony as a rule attends the nuptials. Once married the woman becomes the bond-slave of the man, treated with more or less kindness and consideration according to the temper of the man and his liking for her. While conjugal affection is not rare, any approach to the status of woman among civilized people is practically unknown. The women do all the domestic drudgery, all the hewing of wood and drawing



AN INDIAN STATESMAN, JOHN GRASS.

of water, in fact, everything that pertains to the manual labor of the household or rather lodgehold. The man does the hunting and fishing and other exertion demanded to gather food, while all the rest is done by the woman.

The men have commonly a strong family attachment for both wives and children, and wives are, as a rule, quite as loyal to their husbands as are their white sisters. Children are chiefly under the domestic control of the women, the men rarely interfering with their care or training until the boys are old enough for the chase, the herd, or the war path. Then they fall under the control and teaching of the man.

In almost all tribes, relationship is traced and acknowledged to the mother's kin only. Thus the brother of the mother is an uncle, but the brother of the father is no kin at all.

Favoritism among the wives on the part of the husband sometimes produces discord, but the domestic status of the wife is so nearly that of simply a servant that for the most part the women easily acquiesce in the conduct of the man, whatever it may show of preference for one wife over the others.

Most of the Indians are physically well formed, and some are wonderfully fine specimens of the human animal. Some of the women when young are passably good looking, but they soon lose all trace of beauty, and at an age when the white woman would be in the prime of her physical beauty are worn, wrinkled, and haggard looking. In rare cases the women are really beautiful. In not rare cases the women are mentally well endowed, and such women have wielded a potent influence among the men of the tribe.

Intermarriages between different tribes are not uncommon, especially if the tribes belong to the same nation or are old friends and allies, but between hostile tribes, while the captor often takes to wife the captive woman, intermarriages are of course infrequent.

Social intercourse and hospitality are of the same kind and degree as among other

uncivilized people, visiting, feasting, and present giving are common.

Literary talent, if one may so use the word, is of course confined to oral exhibition of speech-making and story-telling. The former chiefly in council, the latter one of the amusements of the domestic circle, or the gatherings about the common camp fire. The stories are sometimes traditions of tribal or race history, sometimes tales of personal adventure, or accomplishment in war or the chase, but frequently are such tales as are told among all uncivilized people by their story-tellers, and chiefly such as would offend refined ears. Poetry in our sense is unknown, though rhythmic recitation and repetition of words in the various dances, death songs, and so on are common. Highly poetic expression in speech-making is quite common.

Music is confined to playing upon some rude kind of pipes and string instruments, to drums for the dance, and to vocal music, in none of which is there much recognizable adherence to a musical scale, and no such thing as harmony in our sense. The vocal music is monotonous singing, with no particular melody, only rhythm, the pitch being changed from time to time, the minor intervals predominating.

Dancing is more a religious ceremony than an amusement. The steps are monotonous and not graceful or intended to be an exhibition of grace of motion. In most of the dances the women participate only as spectators, though there are distinctive "squaw" dances. Commonly dancing of some kind accompanies all formal visiting and feasting, though dancing can hardly ever be classed as an amusement.

Amusements are chiefly story-telling in the lodge or about the camp fire, horse racing, foot racing, games of ball, sometimes wrestling, and always gambling. The Indian has not yet got to cornering pork or corn nor speculating in Alaska and North Pole third preferences, but he has the correlative of all the white man's horse racing, poker ing, and wagering.

Horse racing is a favorite amusement, and betting on the result universal, often going to the length of staking every worldly possession. Instances even have occurred where one squaw was wagered against another, or against so many ponies, blankets, or what not.

Other gambling games are a species of morris and a sort of dice throwing, in which the dice are commonly wild

tions of the past few decades that the characteristic dress of the tribes is now hardly to be seen. When game was plentiful, tanned skins furnished not only the covering of the lodge, but the principal part of the clothing of both sexes. Then the robe, the shirt, the leggings, the moccasins, knife case, bow and arrow or gun case were most elaborately, and often artistically and tastefully orna-



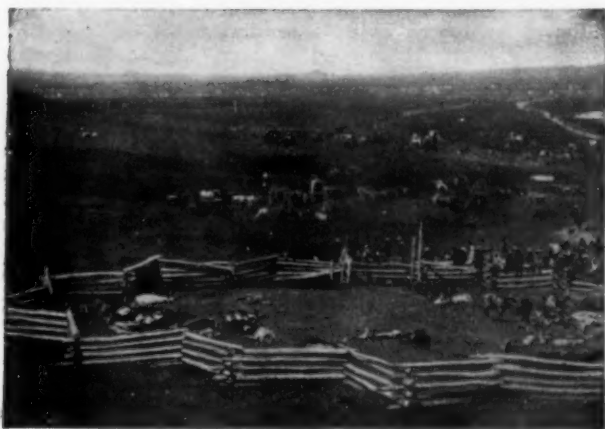
READY FOR THE WAR PATH.

plum pits, marked in various ways by burning with a hot iron. Some of the tribes have learned something of cards, but chiefly the games are native and simple in character and implement. Cheating is sometimes attempted, but with less complexity and skill than that practiced by white gamblers, and is not so strongly resented.

Indian dress has been so much modified and changed by the altered condi-

mented with bead or quill embroidery, or painted design. In such work often the design and arrangement of color might furnish the most beautiful and artistic pattern or suggestion for the white man. The squaws were skillful tanners and good needlewomen. So, frequently, the Indian clothing was not only good for its purpose and well made, but artistically beautiful.

Both men and women have a good



BEEF ISSUE, RATION DAY, STANDING ROCK.

deal of vanity of personal appearance. Ornaments of shells, bear claws, elk teeth, beads, feathers, and metal are greatly prized, and worn with much pride.

Most ludicrous to the white man were some of the uses as ornaments to which were put objects, the purpose of which was unknown to the Indian. The toothed brass wheels of a watch or Yankee clock were highly prized ear-drops. Half of a pair of handcuffs made an armlet more valued than a fashionable belle's bracelet.

Once when an abnormally intelligent Indian Commissioner furnished the Sioux at Standing Rock with a quantity of tinned iron wire three-bottle casters, for their best dining-rooms, they suddenly bloomed out all about the agency, strung about the necks of bucks and squaws, as a very new and fine fashion in necklaces.

Articles of white men's clothing appeared sometimes in the most astounding way. As once at Fort Riley, when a young Indian dandy paid his respects to the commanding officer, clad in a spike-tail coat, with a Brigadier-General's epaulettes, a staff officer's chapeau and feathers, and nothing else but a scanty breech clout. But then we may look at home and philosophically ponder that this case was hardly worse than the modern dude in a baggy English check, a pot hat, and

a cord-wood stick. Possibly the mental furniture of the Indian and this type of white man would be rather in favor of the Indian.

A celebrated chief whom the writer once saw receive with gratitude and wear with pride—a stove-pipe hat, surmounting little else of dress than a breech clout, calico shirt, and moccasins, did not impress him any more ludicrously than when on an earlier occasion

he saw a whole court-martial of old officers of distinguished Mexican war fame, in the fullest of full military dress of that time, going from the hotel to the court-room, covered as to head with civilian stove-pipe hats, and in several cases umbrellas beside. *De gustibus non disputandum*, style is only absurd when it is not the fashion.

Some of the illustrations furnish characteristic exhibition of the dress of the Sioux. The war party, and the buck in full war costume, are the ancient dress, qualified here and there by a white man's calico shirt. Running Antelope and The Gall still affect much of the old fashion, while for many years John Grass has dressed much like white men.

With the ordinary Indian the transition to the white man's dress, which is going on rapidly, will go still faster, because his old-time dress is rapidly becoming impossible. He will be more comfortable but hardly so picturesque. On the whole it is desirable on all accounts as helping the transition in more important regards.

What has been set out, however meagerly and inadequately, of the native character, ability, conduct, social custom, dress, and life of the Indian will have sufficed to show that he is not an irreclaimable savage. Unjust treatment

in the past, ignorant, bigoted, and misdirected effort now have much obstructed and do much hinder and retard the progress toward better things. But the discouraging outlook does not warrant the conclusion that better things are unattainable, nor that the civilization of the Indian is a hopeless dream.

Rather do all things point to the more hopeful answer of the question so often asked, "Is the Indian race a doomed race?"

For the honor of our country let us hope and endeavor that this shall not be affirmatively answered in the sense in which it is commonly understood. The American people have done him wrong enough—in the name of honor, of humanity, and of Christian civilization do

greater and more intelligently directed effort to stop the wrong, and to modify and ameliorate its effects. The result is, I think, that the Indians are no longer dying off, and that increased effort will bring them to the natural increase of all justly treated civilized races. The results of past mischief are still effective for bad consequences, and they cannot be remedied in one nor in many days, but they can be remedied in larger degree in a moderate length of time, and finally neutralized. Let it be done, and at least if not wholly effective, if not changing what in that event would be the foredoomed fate of a race, our consciences would stand acquitted of our own and possibly of our fathers' sins.

In another sense the Indian is a



CASEY'S TROOP, INDIAN CAVALRY.

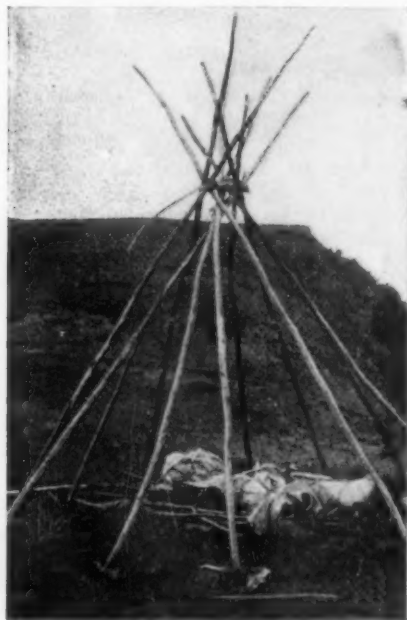
not let this end in his annihilation. It is not in my view a necessity that it should, and it cannot in any view be right that it should, if neither necessary nor inevitable. I believe that the evidence is conclusive that the aborigines are now as numerous in this country as they were when it was first settled. It is true that some tribes have wholly disappeared, have no living representative, certainly none of unmixed blood. Others are known to be much less numerous than they were only a few years ago, and that this would under former conditions increasingly continue until all have disappeared is not to be doubted. But in these later days the public conscience has been quickened, and greater knowledge of the facts has been followed by

doomed race. He is doomed to disappear as one of a race distinct in habit, thought, and mode of life. His inevitable destiny in the best event is to be absorbed and disappear, as an Indian, to become one of the many units which go to make up this wonderful mixture and conglomeration of blood which is called the American people, and which is fast becoming, if not already become, a distinct race in the history of the world.

We have thus far digested and assimilated every variety of the human species which has come to us and become of us. Less difficult than many, if not than most of these, would be the assimilation of the Indian, such assimilation would save him, not as an Indian, but as a man, short of this nothing can.

That in this way, and not in any other, the Indian should disappear concerns not alone him, but the humanity and justice of all of us, and the honor of our country. That such a solution of the

Indian problem is possible, I have full faith, that such a solution should be desired and striven for by every right-thinking American ought not to be doubtful.



SHALL THIS BE THE END?

THE BRAVEST OF BATTLES.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE bravest battle that ever was fought,
 Shall I tell you where and when?
 On the maps of the world you'll find it not;
 'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
 With sword or nobler pen;
 Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
 From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
 Of woman that would not yield,
 But bravely, silently bore her part—
 Lo! there is the battle-field.

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song,
 No banner to gleam and wave!
 But oh! these battles, they last so long—
 From babyhood to the grave.

THAT BUG.

BY FRANCES RITTER BARTHOLOMEW.

"BUT, Lassie—" begins the Professor. "I tell you, Paddy, I have not the very faintest idea where it is; you are always losing your old bugs, anyhow. Have some coffee?"

"Lassie, *will* you listen to me?" Here the Professor, we regret to say, raps sharply on the table with his knuckles, and looks sternly at the small figure sitting opposite him.

Mrs. Lassie gives a start of mock terror, then folds her white hands and looks very solemnly at the ruffled visage of her husband.

"Yes, sir," she answers meekly.

It is a wonder that the Professor does not smile; but then the Professor is angry, quite angry, in fact, so he only scowls more fiercely.

"It all comes," he says with great emphasis, "from allowing the baby to play in my specimen room. I cannot allow it any longer—I positively cannot; he has ruined several very fine specimens before this, but this is the last straw. The one I found this morning was exceedingly rare, and was to have been the subject of my lecture before the C—Club the day after to-morrow; but, of course, I am now compelled to choose another subject, and with my exceedingly limited time, probably will not do myself justice. And all this worry and trouble"—he adds, growing very excited and lavishly peppering his coffee under the impression that the fiery shower is falling on his steak—"and all this trouble," he repeats, putting down the pepper in a most decisive way, "because the baby, despite the fact that I have expressly forbidden him to do so, chooses to disport himself among my choice specimens."

The baby looks up from his breakfast and eyes his father calmly, gravely.

"Me didn't doe into no spec'men room to-day," he says with quiet dignity.

"Reginald, do not tell stories," returns his parent, sternly.

"But, Paddy," says Lassie, "I don't believe the child *did* go in."

"Lassie," says the Professor, laying down his knife and fork, "I brought that specimen home this morning wrapped loosely in a handkerchief—what's that? Maybe it crawled out? Nonsense! I have brought home too many that way not to know by this time how to do it; and besides, I was especially careful about this one. Well, as I say, I brought it home in a handkerchief, I put that handkerchief on my desk and left the room for a few moments. On my return I picked up the handkerchief and searched it carefully but could find nothing. I saw the baby in the hall just before I left my room. Now, as that bug could not have evaporated, the baby must have taken it."

The Professor ends this impressive speech with a huge drink of his coffee. The result is by no means calculated to add to his dignity. He chokes, splutters, gasps, grows watery around the eyes and at last after several wheezes he recovers slightly—recovers enough to see that Mrs. Lassie's face is wreathed with smiles of most undisguised merriment.

He glares at her angrily.

"What in the name of all that's infernal," he demands, "is the matter with that coffee?"

"Pepper," says Lassie, with an irrepressible smile, "you put it in yourself, I saw you."

The Professor looks at her in silence. Presently he says, quite icily, "Do you not think that it would have been more fitting if you had informed me of my absent-mindedness at the time?"

"We must all reap what we sow," quotes Lassie, her red lips still parted into a smile.

"Helen," says the Professor—he must be very angry indeed, when he calls her

"Helen"—"did it ever occur to you that many of your trifling and childish ways are most unsuitable? Remember that you are not only a wife, but also a mother, and I must request that you will endeavor to conduct yourself with the dignity that such a two-fold position demands."

Somehow, during this speech, the Professor has had a vaguely uncomfortable feeling that he did not quite know what it was that LASSIE had been guilty of, that he should be so severe in his language to her, but comes to the conclusion that as he *is* so severe it must be something appalling; so, on the strength of this conclusion, he waxes hotter and hotter, and begins, after the manner of angry people, to say a great many things that have not a word of truth in them.

"I have long since," he continues, pushing his chair slightly away from the table and proceeding to put his eyeglasses in their case with great precision, "ceased to expect from you any of that close sympathy, which only a wife can give a man. Oh! I might have foreseen it all!" he goes on, rising. "I might have known it. You were too young—you cannot understand my settled thoughts and ways. Yes, you were too young."

LASSIE's face is a little pale; she is holding one of her baby's wee hands close in her own, as if the soft touch of her little one is helping her to control the angry words that rush to her lips, but at the Professor's last speech, the hot color rises to her cheeks, and she says, quickly, "Yes, I *am* young, thank Heaven! And I love life with plenty of sunshine in it; but you, you creep into the dark ugly shadows and scowl at all things bright and lovely. Why, I do believe," she says with a little sob that is positive torture to the Professor, "that if I were as yellow as parchment and had a nasty green mold all over me; or if I were one of your disgusting old specimens, you would love me twice as much! Yes, it *is* true; I am too young—and you too old!"

This is very cruel in LASSIE—very cruel indeed, and the Professor gives a

little start and grows white—whiter even than LASSIE had been a few moments ago. It is bad enough to be told that one is "too young," but it is infinitely worse to be accused of being "too old," for while time can remedy the former, nothing can help the latter; besides, the Professor is extremely sensitive on the subject of his age, especially when it is compared with LASSIE's short list of years.

"Too old! Too old!" Some fiendish voice inside of him keeps repeating the words over and over again in a diabolical tone of triumph. The Professor knows only too well that fiendish voice. He heard it for the first time one summer evening now a little more than two years ago, when he first told LASSIE that he loved her; he heard it again, louder, more decided this time, when a few months later he led a little white-robed figure to the altar and answered the words that were to make her his forever. He has heard it since then, each time in tones more emphatic than the last, and now the fiend is yelling and shrieking so furiously that it seems to the Professor as if the whole room must be ringing with the horrible sounds.

And what wonder? Have not LASSIE's red lips just echoed the words?

"I am sorry," says the Professor, breaking a dreadful pause, "that you have found this out two years too late."

He looks at her as he speaks, but she has turned her face away from him and cannot see the pain in his eyes.

"Yes," she answers, "it is a pity."

There is another pause. Then the Professor speaks again, and even his lips are white this time.

"There is only one way out 'of it, Helen; we—we can separate."

LASSIE's heart gave a great, quick throb, and something rises in her throat so she cannot speak.

"You are going to cry," suddenly says a small voice inside of her, "you are going to make a big baby of yourself and you know he thinks that you are too young already. 'Too young,' those are the very words. Hurry up and answer him. 'There is one way out of it,'

he says. No one ever says there is a way out of a thing unless that thing is a very disagreeable one; consequently he thinks that being married to you is disagreeable; in other words, a thing to be gotten out of. So say, coldly and carelessly, 'very well; it would be better so.' Hurry—he thinks you are going to cry."

Now, Lassie has never heard a fiend before, so she makes the same mistake that a great many other people do with this particular fiend, and thinks that her good angel is talking to her; so she says, coldly and carelessly:

"Very well; it would be better so."

Then, rising, she takes something off her hand—which, by the way, is trembling a good deal—and, going over to where the Professor is standing, she says:

"I guess you had better take these. I—I don't suppose I shall wear them again."

And before he knows what she is doing, the Professor feels two little gold rings drop in his hand. Then Lassie, who had begun to wink very fast indeed, turns quickly away from him and walks out of the room.

The baby, who has been a silent witness of the foregoing scene, is looking very solemn. He now slips down from his high chair and stands looking steadily at his parent with an expression of the deepest disapproval on his egg-besmirched countenance. Presently he says, decidedly:

"Nassy old favver to make my muvver ky. Me yuv my muvver—and me didn't see no bug!"

Then he goes, and the Professor is left alone. The miserable man sinks into a chair and groans; then he opens his hand and gazes dejectedly at the rings Lassie has given him. How well he knows both of them and what tiny things they are! Suddenly it strikes him how much the diamond in one of them looks like a tear-drop, and he groans again.

"It has been all my fault," he sighs, "I might have known that I could never make her happy. But to think that she wants to leave me!"

Here he buries his face in his hands and for a few moments there is silence in

the room. Then the sound of a bell ringing in the distance arouses him.

"Well, I suppose I must be off," he mutters, drearily. "I ought to be in the lecture-room now, by rights. What a hard old world it is! It makes no difference how we feel, we must do our duty all the same. Where *is* that lecture! I put it here before breakfast. 'Antediluvian Researches Amid—' no, that's not it. Oh! hang that inkstand! 'Treatise on—' no—'Progressions of the Human Race'—ah, at last! Is that you, Bridget? Tell your mistress that I shall not be home to dinner. And—a—a don't you—hadn't you better wipe up that ink? It must have been running pretty fast; there seems to be a great deal on the carpet."

So saying he dons hat and coat, and thinks, as he does so, that this is the first morning two little white hands have not helped him; then, with a mighty sigh, and an expression of countenance that would be perfection at a funeral, the Professor leaves his house, a thoroughly wretched man.

Up-stairs in Lassie's dainty bed-room there is a sound of weeping and wailing. Some of it is Lassie, but it is mainly the baby, who is crying because his mother is.

"Oh! dear!" sobs Lassie, and, "Oh! dear me!"

The words are monotonous, but there is infinite variety in the way she sobs them. She is lying across the bed with her face pressed downward, and at her head stands the baby gently patting her soft yellow curls, which are quite damp with the sympathetic tears he has been shedding over them. Presently she gets up and drags herself to the nearest chair. "I wish," she says suddenly, and quite a fiendish gleam comes into her great eyes, "I wish I had that bug here! I'd torture it; I'd pull its old legs out one by one, and then I'd step on it—*hard*! That's what I'd do!" There is not a word of truth in this speech. If Lassie were to even see a bug with one leg off she would wrap it in cotton, weep over it, and use everything in her power from surgery to glue in her endeavors to put the leg back where it belonged; and as

for pulling the leg out herself and treading on the bug! What nonsense people do talk when they are angry! "It has been the cause of all this trouble," she goes on, "and now, now, oh! my baby! we must go away—go home to grandma and leave papa."

"Nassy old favver," says the baby, with spirit.

"Reginald! How can you talk that way," cries Lassie. "Your dear father who loves you so."

"Es, but he made ou ky."

"Yes, he made me cry—there, darling, get off of mother's lap, she has a great deal to do this morning."

"Muvver, if favver found ze bug again would ou stop kying?"

"I don't know, precious—where *are* my keys?—maybe I would. Reginald, go tell nurse to put on your hat and coat and you may play out front awhile. Mother has such a headache, and oh! such a heartache," she adds as the door closes. Then she begins to pack, and very queer packing it is. "There is no use in my taking any pretty dresses," she says to herself in rather a choked voice. "There will not be anybody to care what I put on now, and besides I do not suppose it would be good form to dress in anything but the very quietest colors if I am separated. Yes," she says, looking sternly at the reflection of herself in the glass, "you are separated. Your husband does not love you any more, and he has told you so, at least, he said that you were too young, which means the same thing. Oh! that it should come to this!" And then she carefully, but rather absent-mindedly, takes the soap-dish off the washstand and puts it in her trunk between the waist of a black silk dinner-dress and a pair of rubber-boots.

The morning flies by and at last the trunk is packed and strapped all ready to be taken down-stairs. Lassie has a vague idea that she wants to leave the house before her husband comes home, but somehow she cannot make up her mind exactly what time to start.

"Everything seems so misty and unreal," she says, "and I don't know a

thing about the trains to mother's. There is one that leaves at 5.30, I think, and if I took that I might have time to rest a little before going. I have such an awful headache," she adds, wearily. Then she throws herself on her bed and presently everything is very still in the room. Lassie is asleep.

On, on, fly the hours. Four o'clock; half-past four; five. Wake up, little woman! Only half an hour to dress and catch your train in, still you sleep! Five-ten; five-twenty; five-thirty! Too late! Too late, Mrs. Lassie, your train has gone. Ah! even yet you sleep! But you will soon awaken, very soon now. Did you hear that ring at your door-bell? Be brave, Mrs. Lassie, this day has still another trouble in store for you; be brave, I say.

Slowly the dark eyes open. What is all that noise on the stairs? "Take care," says a gruff, strange voice. "Bring him in here," says another. Surely that is Bridget, but why on earth, should Bridget be crying so? And what horrible words—"bring him in here." Why cannot "him," whoever he is, come in himself? Nearer, nearer come the footsteps. A cold feeling crept around Lassie's heart and she rises to her feet. There is a hand on the door-knob, the door is opened, and then—"O my baby! My baby!" And with a low cry of terror, Lassie snatches to her heart the little, still form that they bring into the room.

The Professor is wending his way homeward, and for the first time in his married life he is doing so unwillingly.

"I do not suppose she will be here," he thinks to himself, as he puts his key in the latch, "or if she is, of course she will not see me. Oh! what an awful life this is," he sighs, as he pushes the door open. No sooner is he fairly in the house than he hears a glad cry come from somewhere, and then for one wild moment the Professor wonders if he could have gotten into the wrong house and is being mistaken for somebody else's husband, for two arms are thrown around his neck and a voice says, half sobbingly,

half joyously: "O my darling! my darling, he is not dead after all!"

Yes, it is really Lassie; he has not made any mistake. Lassie, with her arms around his neck, calling him "darling!" The Professor gives a little gasp and closes his eyes.

"Do you *hear*, dearest? He is not dead!"

"Isn't he?" says the Professor, dreamily. "That's too bad!"

He has not the faintest idea what he is talking about; all he knows and all he cares to know is that he has Lassie in his arms; but at this remarkable speech of his, she withdraws hastily from his embrace and gazes with horror into his face.

"Patterson! You want our baby to die?"

"What?" exclaims the Professor.

"I said that Reginald was not dead," repeats Lassie once more.

"No, I don't suppose he is," says the bewildered man, gazing with growing anxiety into his wife's flushed face. "In fact, I don't think I ever saw him much more alive than he was this morning!"

A vision of a stern infantile face rises before the Professor, and the words "Nassy old favver!" ring in his ears.

Lassie looks at him for a moment, and then says, gently:

"I forgot; you do not know what has happened."

Then she tells him; tells him how the baby had wandered off by himself after dinner, and how, as he was crossing a street, a horse driven by a careless driver, had—"no, not run over him," says Lassie with a shudder, "but had come so close as to knock him down on the stones and hurt his head; then some policeman, who knew whose child he was, had picked him up and brought him home to her."

"He is asleep, now," she says, "but, O Patterson! you will never know what I have gone through."

For answer the Professor kisses her tenderly, and then they both go upstairs.

"You see," says Lassie, as they lean over the little crib in the fire-lit nursery, "all that plaster makes it look a great deal worse than it is, for the cut really is not very deep; it was the fright that stunned him more than anything else."

For a moment they look silently at the little sleeping figure, and then: "Lassie?" says the Professor, softly.

"Yes, Paddy."

"Lassie, can you forgive me for what I said this morning? I did not mean a word of it, dear."

"It is you who must do the forgiving, my husband; you only said what was true, Paddy," she says, and there is a little wistful look in her eyes as she raises them to his.

"I know that I am too young for you, dear; but I am going to try hard to be older and more settled."

"Oh! you must not, you must not!" cries the Professor. "You are not too young! I was a brute, Lassie, a perfect brute, and a lying one at that. You would not be too young if you were fifteen years younger," he adds, wildly, forgetting that fifteen years ago Lassie was but five. "The whole fault lies with me," he goes on; "it is I who must grow young again, not you who must grow old, Lassie. I know that I cannot help but seem prosy to you—"

"Paddy," interrupts his wife, "if you go on talking in that imbecile way I—I don't know what I'll do. You might think that you were an old mummy to hear you talk! You are not a bit old—not one bit, and I would just like to see the person who ever called you so."

The Professor smiles an odd little smile, but only presses a kiss on the curly head that just reaches to his heart, and for a while there is no sound in the room save the soft crackling of the wood-fire.

Suddenly there is a restless movement in the crib, and a sleepy little voice says, "Muvver!"

"Yes, my darling."

"I dot him, muvver."

"Got what, my baby?"

"Zat bug, what favver made ou ky about. Tum here and det him."

So Lassie leans over the crib, and the Professor turns the other way and says something; he says it in a low, but decidedly earnest voice as if he meant what he said. It is about the bug; but maybe it would be just as well not to repeat it.

"Paddie," says Lassie, "do look here!"

So the Professor looks. In the baby's outstretched hand there are two queer looking black things.

"It's him!" says the wee one, proudly. "He was wunnin' wite under ze horses' feet, but I dot him! I holded him so tight that he tummed in two; but I dess he'll doe back again."

The Professor's eyes are a little misty as he leans over the crib and takes the dilapidated insect from his son's hand; and Lassie kisses the soft lips very, very tenderly as she whispers, "Go to sleep, my precious one. Father will take good care of the bug."

Suddenly there is a loud thumping noise outside, as if something extremely heavy was being carried up-stairs. Both Lassie and the Professor give a start, and the former's cheeks turn crimson.

"Lassie, what on earth is that outlandish noise?" inquires her husband.

"I—I—that is—why—um—a—"

"What?" says the Professor.

"Why it's—it's supper, I guess," says Lassie, her cheeks growing even redder than before. "I told them that we would take it up here to-night."

"Supper!" exclaims the Professor, looking anxiously at his wife for the second time this evening. "My dear! What *are* we going to have and how much of it? I really must go and see."

"Oh! no, no," cries Lassie, catching hold of him, "please, *please* don't—O Paddy! it's my *trunk*!" she cries, impulsively, and then buries her head on his shoulder.

"Your trunk—for supper! Lassie," says the Professor, "have you a very clear idea of what you are talking about?"

"No, no," replies Lassie, "that is,

yes, of course I have. Wait and I'll tell you all about it; come over here and listen."

So she takes the wondering man by the lapel of his coat and leads him to a cozy little couch on one side of the fire.

"Sit down," she commands, giving him a gentle poke; "that's right! Now, put your arm so; there, I'm comfortable. Well, you see, this morning after you were so cruel to me—I *mean*, after I was so horrid to you—I felt very dreadfully indeed, for I thought that we were going to be separated—I really did, Paddy! So—so I began to pack my trunk, and—and, oh! I guess we will not talk any more about it; it is all over now."

"Yes, it is all over, thank Heaven!" returns the Professor. Then, presently he says, softly, "Lassie, give me your hand."

"I gave it to you long ago," she answers, with a saucy little smile, "and my whole heart went with it, Paddy."

"Well, I want it to-night for the same purpose I wanted it that night two years ago. Give it to me."

She stretches out her hand to him a little wonderingly. Then, from his pocket, the Professor takes two little gold rings, and puts them slowly on her finger.

"Never take them off again, my wife," he whispers.

"Never again, my husband," she answers, gravely. "Paddy," she says, presently, with a happy sigh, "I guess that you *do* love me more than your old bugs, after all, don't you?"

"I should not wonder," he answers, with a little laugh.

But somehow he seems to grow uneasy when she mentions the word "bugs." He gives a little cough and changes his position several times.

"Paddy," says his wife, without looking at him, "you want to tell me something that you don't want to tell me. I know the symptoms. You are beginning to wriggle and squirm; and you never do that unless you have a guilty conscience. Out with it, immediately!"

"Well, you see, Lassie, it is all about that bug."

"Yes, go on."

"I—I have found it."

"Yes, I am very glad. I thought you would. Go on."

"You remember my telling you that I had wrapped it in a handkerchief and had put it on my desk: Well, there must have been *two* handkerchiefs on my desk—the one I was using and the one the bug was wrapped in, and I just got them mixed up, and put the one with the bug in it in my pocket, so, of course, when I searched through the other handkerchief the bug was not there."

"Naturally. When did you find out your mistake?" The Professor changes his position again, but makes no answer.

"Go on, Paddy, I wish you would not stop so often."

"It was during the lecture this morning," he begins with evident effort, "and it so happened that I—I had occasion to use my handkerchief, and you see that bug can—er—*bite*, it—Lassie, are you laughing?"

"Not now, Paddy, but I think I am going to; in fact, I know I am." And then they both break into a laugh, so hearty that even the fire sings away for dear life out of sheer sympathy, and from the crib near by comes the sound of a soft, happy little chuckle, as if the baby, too, had heard and understood all.

I DID NOT KNOW.

BY CORNELIA WESSON BOYDEN.

I DID not know there would come a day,
When your feet would wander so far away,
That the years would come, and the years would go,
With summer's heat and winter's snow,
With never a sound of your voice so dear,
Or the ring of your footsteps drawing near.

I did not know there would come a time,
When you would dwell in some far-off clime,
While I still walk in the olden way,
And work and watch, and dream and pray,
With only a memory that brings a pain,
Of a past that can never come back again.

I did not know when life was bright,
That joy so soon would take its flight,
That only in Heaven so high above,
Is ever found a perfect love,
That happiness lived but one short hour,
While grief and pain are earth's sure dower.

I did not know when you were near,
That life could ever again be drear,
That clouds would hide the sunlight's gleam,
And shroud in gloom our beautiful dream,
Till all the world grew dim and gray,
And joy and light had passed away.

I did not know; ah! ignorant bliss,
That never dreams of a farewell kiss.
That dwells in a world so wonderful bright,
With never a thought of the coming night.
And yet, O love! though tears now flow,
I'm glad, so glad, that I did *not* know.

IN BLUE AND SCARLET.

BY PATTIE PEMBERTON BERMAN.

VI.

IT would be of small interest to follow our lad through all the years that had passed since his mother's disappearance.

There was little hope now of tidings from her, and the paper she left was of such a nature that I could but wish to keep Wardo in ignorance of her.

Still, I had it safe under lock and key to deliver into his hands when the right time should come.

Meanwhile, Dr. Graham had kept his word, provided a tutor to prepare him for Eton and paid all charges there in the belief that Wardo would be ready to take up a fine practice when he came to brighten the big Glasgow house where the old gentleman had lived so long alone. But at every holiday I marked a coolness growing between them, and though I was slow deciding whether the lad's liking for us or his passion for music caused the trouble, I came at last to think that music was at the bottom of it.

In vain I argued that the lad could no more help it than the color of his eyes; the doctor said I had hit the very mark; both were hereditary—therefore bad, and no amount of talking turned him from this "heredity" which was always on his tongue.

"But consider how often I have sung away a storm when he was but a wean, doctor," said I once when the same thing had been gone over a dozen times, "tempers that the rod would not have mended half so quickly. And many's the day you yourself have laughed with my good man and me to see the chubby hands keep time to a reel or strathspey! Why ere ever the bairn had learned a word of English he knew every tune of mine from "Kinlock of Kinlock" to "Old Hundred," and would follow at my heels all over the inn chiming in with

his bird notes. No, no, I shall be slow believing, as some do that music is a temptation of the Evil One."

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried the doctor, who had grown a bit testy with age. "Who talks of the Evil One!"

"For my part, I could love him better with a sweet tuneful voice than without, though like enough," I confessed, "I ought not to have sent him my savings to buy a violin, and if I had foreseen that so much practicing would hinder his studies, I might have thought twice before indulging him, but the damage is done now, and we must just be thankful that it is no worse."

"Worse!" stormed the doctor, "it couldn't be worse! Defend him as you will, Mistress Carmichael, there is no grit in him—he doesn't inherit it—and you will find before the month is over that he fails to pass his examination if he isn't plucked."

And he was right, though Jamie and I could scarce believe our eyes when we read the letter that brought us such bad tidings.

We sent it to Glasgow, not having courage to face Dr. Graham until he had heard the worst, for, as Jamie said, he would be in a fine rage at spending so much time and money for nothing, and a body could not blame him, especially as Wardo showed but small affection for him, and was too easily put out by his rough way.

We were sitting in the kitchen the morning after the letter came with breakfast not well over, when he burst into the room snorting like a war horse.

"What's this! Fine tidings these," he cried, holding the open letter in his trembling hand. "This comes of meddling with fiddle bows instead of minding his Greek! When he should have wrestled with geometry, he was fooling

his time on operas and sonatas, I suppose, and here is the result. What has a physician to do with such contemptible accomplishments, anyway, I'd like to know?"

"Indeed," says Jamie, with spirit, "I do not see that the sawing of catgut is less honorable than the sawing of human bones, if a body has a turn that way."

"You were ever too hard on the lad, Dr. Graham," I chimed in; "he is but a lad when all is said, and there are plenty who do not take kindly to Greek and mathematics that can yet make a place for themselves in the world."

"Let him make it then!" cried the old man, shaking his stick, "and talk no more to me of this fol-de-rol music. Either he gives up his fiddle or he gives up all hope of future assistance from me. Tell him so—tell him so!"

With that he was off, and we presently heard the nag trotting toward Glasgow at a fine pace. I never saw him in such a temper.

"What's to be done now, Nannie?" said my goodman, between laughing and distress.

"Doe you think he means to cut the lad off in earnest?" I asked.

"It looks very like it."

"And the poor bairn to learn his own history, too, on top of this. Sorry welcomes for him," said I.

"We can but try to bring Dr. Graham to his senses, wife."

"And if we cannot?"

"Then Wardo must give up college—which will be no great grief to him—and buckle to like a man."

"But he is not prepared for that."

"Nevertheless, I doubt if the shock will kill him," he answered, smiling, then added, gravely, "I am more afraid of the effect of his mother's story."

"Cannot we put off the telling a bit longer till the edge is off his other disappointments?"

"Since it must come sooner or later, let us have it over quickly, only do you wear a stout heart when first he comes, lass, for he will surely turn to you in his trouble, and you must not fail him."

VII.

TO-DAY our lad was coming home from Eton for the last time, and Piebroch Inn was gay with hollyhocks and sweet williams, and perfumed with mignonette in honor of his return. Every vase was filled, yet still Jean stuck a sprig of jessamine here or a white rose there, and even wee Jamie, our youngest bairn, brought his little offering of buttercups and daisies, held in a corner of his apron, the daisies scarce whiter than my baby's skin, not yellower the buttercups than his golden curls. Wardo's chamber was hung with fresh muslin, and a new pincushion on the bureau, with a beautiful great "W" and a wreath of cornflowers about it, worked by Jean's fingers, as she would have worked them for none else.

The lass, who had been running hither and thither, from morn to night, now stood among the roses tired but lovely, with the color coming and going, and her fair hair falling in rings to her waist, which was girded with a blue ribbon. She was large for her age, being scarce fifteen, and to my eyes the bonniest lass within a dozen miles of Glasgow, but given to dreaming, and so busy brushing the cobwebs from the sky that she missed those nearer to hand. I lectured her often, and even hid the books she loved too well; but Jamie never failed to ferret them out, and with an arm around her would say,

"Leave the lassie alone; she must work in the kitchen soon enough, let her dwell among her castles while she may."

I saw only half her loveliness now, for my heart was heavy in my bosom with the knowledge that the time had come when Wardo must be told all and be left to carve out his future by the light of his mother's past.

Whatever his choice, it was not for us to complain, seeing he was born above us, and I doubted not that whatever he elected to do, he must feel that we had at least fulfilled our duty by him, but for me he could never again be the same innocent bairn, that knew no difference between an inn-keeper and a gentleman,

nor understood that blood is thicker than water, in young veins at least.

About set of sun we stood watching for the stage that should set him down at the gate, Jamie holding the wean on his shoulder, and keeping his own eyes steadily fixed upon the curve of the road. Presently there was a shout from the bairn, the old stage came clattering down the hill, and a moment later I held the lad in my arms—a lad that a duchess might have been proud to own as her son!

The evening passed merrily enough with tales of Eton games and fights that amused my good man mightily; when the lad confessed to a peace-loving nature, Jamie caught his arm saying, good-humoredly,

"It does you no harm to try your muscle now and then provided you have justice on your side. These are too soft, lad, more tussles would strengthen them."

These men have queer notions, like savages at heart, no matter how gentle on the outside, but I was glad enough to keep their tongues going, and dreaded every sentence lest I should betray what was in my mind. Later, Jamie made me sing, and then Wardo brought his violin and played for us music so beautiful that I wondered how he had caught the trick of it, and even when I could not understand, I felt how fine it was. Most likely he saw our ignorance, for of a sudden he drew the bow over the strings, and wailed out "Auld Robin Gray" so plaintively that Jeanie wept, saying that she could hear the sobs of the poor lass when her love came home and she wed to Auld Robin, while Jamie and me had one thought in our heads—how we might have spent our lives apart if it had not pleased God to take Donald Gray to Paradise. Poor body, doubtless he is happier there, for he enjoyed but little health or spirits here, being of a melancholy turn at best, with rheumatism and the like.

VIII.

NEXT day I had no peace till I took from the cedar chest the jewels, the paper [the translation which Dr. Graham had had done in Glasgow] and the miniature.

I went about my work, and never was a day so long. There was racket enough, but I walked on tiptoe, spoke in whispers, as if a corpse lay in the house, and could scarce help crying when the lad laughed at me.

"What is it, mither?" he kept saying every time we met, and I could find no better answer than,

"Perhaps I am overcome at seeing you."

"If that is all, keep a stiff upper lip," he would answer. "You'll be glad to get rid of me after awhile."

At last, when the candles were lit and the house quiet, I brought my package and gave it to Jamie with a trembling hand. He kissed the hand as he took it and then seating himself beside Wardo, began without more ado.

"My lad, I have something of grave importance to tell you."

The lad, thinking it related to his choice of a profession, said in his Eton slang,

"Fire away."

Poor Jamie could hardly proceed with the story that has already been written here, of the bairn's coming to us, of the beautiful mother and the two foreigners who stole her away and left no clue behind whereby to follow them.

Painful as the task was, my good man went straight on to the end, sparing nothing, not even keeping back what might pain most, the account of that secret visit to the room where I slept, and the long draught of liquor that should never have found its way to a woman's lips. Of Dr. Graham's kindness he spoke, too, but no word of our part in the lad's history. When he had at last finished all there was to tell he handed over the paper.

"Here, lad," said he, "here is your mother's confession. Look at it when you are alone."

But Wardo, thrusting it back, said in a voice scarce above a whisper,

"Read."

His head was bowed upon his hands and he stirred not a muscle while Jamie read:

"Do not curse your mother when you

read this, my child, but think of her as one who sinned against her will and pray for her soul in purgatory. Before many hours, that soul will have left my body, for I can endure the torments I suffer no longer.

"To you, my son, I bequeath my fortune, my jewels, the miniature of your parents, and this brief record of my unhappy life; may you never inherit the weakness that has cost me all I had on earth and deprived me of every hope I have of Heaven!

"I have no recollection of my father; my mother died while I was a mere child, and I, a lonely little orphan, was sent to a convent. The good nuns cared for my bodily and spiritual needs until my guardian, a distant relation who bore our name, thought fit to remove me to his own house, where I reigned over my two cousins, his sons, and was as gay and careless as only a very young girl can be.

"Between my cousin Edouardo and me there soon sprang up an attachment which ripened so fast that before my seventeenth birthday we were quietly married, with my guardian's consent, and at his request we made our home under his roof.

"My fortune also remained in his hands. I had a liberal allowance, and it never occurred to me to question him about money. My ignorance and confidence were alike unbounded. Your father, who dwelt in a world of poetry and music, was without knowledge of my affairs, and as my guardian's influence over both his sons was even greater than the ascendancy he had as yet gained over me, we were content to leave everything under his control.

"I loved Edouardo with a passionate devotion which he returned. The three years of our married life were supremely happy, but soon after your birth, he contracted typhus fever, and before I realized it, my dreams were forever ended; I, a widow, you an orphan.

"Prostrated by grief, I shut myself up in my apartment where I refused to see any one but my guardian, and him only because he was the instrument by which I could obtain forgetfulness. *He sug-*

gested, he began the use of the subtle poison. It was he who increased the doses week by week, month by month until my appetite became insatiable—I was a helpless slave to opium.

"Incredible as it may seem, while I was in this torpor my husband's brother became a suitor for my hand, and despite the detestation I conceived for him, persisted in his determination to marry me. His father, who had instigated the suit, treated me with a coldness that in my normal condition would have driven me from his door; as it was I simply bribed your nurse Anita (a beautiful girl about my own age) to double my allowance of morphia, and thus I forgot my troubles.

"Anita came to me one day in great excitement.

"*'The villains!'* she cried, as she entered my chamber, *'the cowardly villains!'*

"As I was still too much under the influence of my morning hypodermic to pay more than a passing attention to this outburst, she advanced to the bedside and shook me vigorously.

"*'Wake up, wake up, Signora! I tell you they are plotting your ruin. They are gone now to see about a dispensation that the young Signor may marry you. They mean to get possession of you and your fortune and rob you of the boy—do you understand?'*

"*'To marry me!'*

"That was the one idea that took hold of my brain.

"*'Yes, yes. They will marry you to the man you hate, the smiling hypocrite who finds amusement in breaking hearts. Come, you shall escape him; you shall fly with me.'*

"*'Fly!'* said I, in dismay. *'Fly where?'*

"*'To America—anywhere, only come quickly or they will be back upon us.'*

"*'I cannot go, I am too ill,'* I said, bursting into tears.

"*'Then stay and marry your false lover, and may the devil seize you both.'*

"*'She was rushing out of the chamber in a fury when I called her back.'*

"*'Take me away, Anita! I will follow where you go, only do everything your-*

self. It is so sudden! I cannot think yet.'

" 'Here then, Signora, let me bathe your head with cold water. Again, again; you must be able to sit up when I dress you. Now I will order a cup of black coffee; you shall drink it while I get everything together, and we can be off long, long ere they return.'

"Almost before I could recover my breath she had packed a few clothes for you and me, obtained from me the money which fortunately my guardian had lately given me (he still occasionally went through the form of presenting me with an allowance), and gone to bring a carriage.

"On her return we were hurried to a station and into a railway carriage destined for I know not what country. As soon as we were in motion again my fictitious courage abandoned me, and I wept like a child, but Anita, prepared for such an emergency, gave me the dose which kept me tranquil for many hours.

"My strength would not suffice to write a detailed account of what followed. It is enough to say that eventually we settled in London lodgings, where I immediately relapsed into my former lethargy. How long we had lived there I cannot tell (for time has long ceased to exist for me); it may have been months—perhaps it was only days: at any rate, the girl grew irritable, almost cruel, as soon as she had us in her power, and I learned to fear her as much as I had once hated your father's brother. She administered my opium irregularly, sometimes diminishing the quantity until I was nervous and half-crazed. Sometimes increasing it to such a degree that even I became alarmed at the results.

"You will see how this must have produced aversion as well as fear. I fancied she was intriguing with the rest for my death.

"This idea haunted me so continually that I was glad when, on a certain day, she went out without a word of explanation, leaving you to take care of yourself as best you could. I was glad, too, that she forgot to lock the door as she usually did when anything required her

absence, but as the morning wore away I began to feel the need of my beloved drug; and in self-defense rose to see if Anita had left any within reach.

"I found a brown powder in a small paper marked 'opium,' which I took and was about to return to my bed when it occurred to me that the woman might have purposely laid it there (knowing that I would look for it), and that instead of opium I had possibly swallowed some fatal poison.

"I walked to the window with a half formed desire to call for assistance.

"Imagine my terror when I distinctly saw in a passing carriage my guardian, that hated other, and Anita!

"Whither they were going I did not stop to think. With the courage of despair, I struggled into my clothes, and began a search for my jewels. With the exception of two rings on my hand, the miniature which I always wear, and a very small sum of money, everything was gone.

"I staggered somehow to the street, then on and on, dragging you after me until I found a railway station. There I made them understand that I wanted a ticket. The agent plied me with questions, but as he spoke English, of course I could not comprehend. At last, counting the money, he said:

" 'Glasgow?'

"I inclined my head, he gave me a ticket.

"Again I know not how long we traveled. When we were put out of the railway carriage I was at a loss which way to turn; my money was gone, my brain exhausted by the unusual strain.

"We wandered beyond the outskirts of the city, resting now and then by the roadside, until a sudden and fearful storm overtook us. But for the mercy of our blessed Mother of Sorrows, who led us to these kind people, we must have perished of cold and exposure.

"Thank Heaven, Edouardo, that you have fallen into such hands, for I can do no more.

"There is upon me such a craving for that insidious demon opium that every good resolution, yes, even love for my

child, fades before it, and I care not though my soul perish if I could consign my senses for one hour to the bliss which that little needle affords. And they do not see it, these stupid people!

"If I could but crawl to an apothecary's or make them understand that I shall die without it. O God!—"

For as much as five minutes after Jamie's voice had died away the lad sat motionless, then with a sob very painful to hear, he asked,

"Is there no signature?"

To which my husband replied,

"None."

"Then I am without parents—without even a name."

"Without parents of your blood, my lad, but by God's grace not without those that love you as their own."

My own bairn, that I could for one moment doubt you!

Quick as thought his arms were close about Jamie's neck, and they wept together.

"Forgive me, dearest father!" he tried, "I did not know what I said. How much more honorable is the name you have given me than my own, covered as it is with disgrace! But my mother—I must find my mother."

Jean, overcome by so much excitement, began to cry bitterly, for which I was right glad, since it turned the lad's thoughts from himself, and he lavished the tenderest care on the sympathetic little soul, drying her tears while his own had scarce ceased flowing.

"It is but right, Wardo, that you should hear Dr. Graham's opinion about this paper," said Jamie, when something like calmness had been restored, "although I am not of his mind. He says it may be that the whole story is the crazy dream of a woman drugged past common sense. 'An opium hallucination' he called it, didn't he, Nannie?"

"He called it something like that," said I, "and I should maybe be inclined to agree with him, bearing in mind how strange the lady acted, and that there was no nurse with the men, as she writes here; but if Wardo's mother

had no love to spare for her guardian and his son, neither have I, nor not so much faith in them as you could put in a thimble."

IX.

THE trouble between Dr. Graham and Wardo rather grew worse than mended with time.

"When this fiddler is ready to lay aside his bow and take up the knife, let him come to me, otherwise I have done with him," said one.

"I will never give up my music," declared the other, and each was that set in his own opinion you might as well try to turn the current of Clyde.

All attempts at peacemaking being but breath wasted, we began to consider something else for the lad than bone-hacking, for which he had no greater liking than I. As the Kirk was as little to his taste, there seemed nothing better than to put him into a clerkship with some Glasgow merchant, or make him teacher of a district school, and that was a fall I could ill bear to think of.

Day after day we pondered on what should be done, but not till the end of near a month was a conclusion reached, and such a conclusion! It had almost broke my heart.

One morning when he and Jamie returned from their customary walk, the two came to me, and my good man said in a voice that strove to be cheerful, yet had a huskiness about it, too,

"Well, Nannie," said he, "what do you think our lad has elected to do after all!"

"To enter the ministry," said I, hoping against hope.

"What a lass it is," he laughed, "with her heart set on the least likely thing—try again."

"I suppose it is medicine, then." I could think of nothing else.

"Nor that, neither. But Wardo himself had best tell you," and with that he fled away from duty in a fashion that I never saw before.

I looked at Wardo. With hands thrust in his pockets and hat resting far back from his brow, he walked nervously up

and down near me, glancing now and then at the house where Jamie was already smoking his pipe on the porch just out of reach of our voices.

"Well, Wardo lad?" I said at last.

"Why, mither," he answered, stopping in front of me and speaking very quickly. "To make a long story short I have decided to devote my life to the study of music."

"And have you thought, my bairn, what slow work that may be, and, from all I hear, a trade that brings the pounds in but slowly?"

"The father and I have considered that well. He tells me the fifty pounds which were left with you have been out at interest for fourteen years, and that, with the two rings, will serve, I hope, to pay for instruction and such necessary expenses as I shall encounter in Italy."

"*In Italy!*"—a feather could have cast me to the ground.

"I am going to my mother's country," he said, gently, "if possible to find my mother's people."

"O my dear lad! my bairn that I love as my very own, do not go so far from us to that land of Papists and wickedness."

"Dearest mither," he said, half smiling, but with a moisture on his lashes, "dearest mither, do not judge a whole nation by the unfortunate specimens you have seen. As for the Papists, I promise you—"

"Nay," said Jamie, stepping silently beside him and laying a hand on his shoulder, "make no promises until you have met your temptation face to face."

"As you please," returned Wardo, somewhat hurt, "but I should think the last temptation you need warn me against is a Church that I have been taught from infancy to detest."

"I did not speak especially of the Church of Rome, but of many snares that are open to entrap a romantic country lad in a new world."

"Well," cried the lad, relieved to escape a lecture and turning to go, "the mither here shall be my guardian angel and my violin the only companion I

need. If anything tempts me away from them, I'll let you know."

"How they laugh and sing and thrust their silly head into danger," said Jamie, looking after him affectionately. "Come, wife, we will hope for the best and just slip back into our old ways again when this blythe young skylark has flown out of sight."

"Oh!" said I, scarce hearing him, "I would not for the world have the lad fall under the spell of those Jesuits that they tell me are always lying in wait to entice the innocent and make them followers of the Scarlet Woman, and I wonder how you can take the matter so easily, you who are expecting to be elected elder next presbytery."

But he is a queer man, Jamie, and does not look at things the same way with the ordinary. He regarded my trouble no more than to say:

"And if he turn Papist, as you say, Nannie, cannot each of us gang his ain gait to serve the Almighty? Leave the lad alone; it is not the Scarlet Woman that I fear."

X.

If a body had told me three years ago that I should be in Italy, walking under a winter sky as fair and mild as ours in April, with no cares of housekeeping and no wish to return to our Inn, I should have thought that body daft, and it would have been a bold soul that ventured to say I should ever sit through mass in a Romish Cathedral, let alone spending the whole evening looking at a lot of shameless young women dancing and spinning around on their toes with scarce enough clothes to cover them, while a theatre full of men folk clapped hands at their antics. Nevertheless, those very two things I did before I had been a fortnight in Milan.

How came I in Milan?

I ought to have begun with that, but I am not used to book writing and must go my own way to tell a story, or tell it not at all.

For a good year after our lad left us, we had frequent tidings of him and

though I noticed how soon the climate seemed so steal away his energy—never too great—and make him lazy, we had no other fault to find with his letters.

He had no money to spare for journeying about the world in search of the mother whose birthplace he could not even discover, yet it seemed to Jamie and me that he had lost heart and hope too soon, and just accepted the situation.

It is not in the nature of youth to be so easily discouraged.

Toward the end of the first year his letters were farther apart, short and scant of news; after awhile they ceased almost entirely. This worried my man even more than me, and he wrote long and affectionately to Wardo asking the cause of his silence and offering what money he had if the lad had got himself into straits. The reply to that letter was what took us to Milan, for Jamie said he could read in it that distress of some kind had laid hold on the lad and he needed our support in more ways than one.

Jean at this time was suffering her first grief, poor child, in the death of our good Dr. Graham, who had taken her more to his heart than ever he did Wardo, and the last two years they had spent most of their time together, poring over French and German, by which Jean had as fine an education as my lady Charlotte or any other lady in the land. She had something better beside, for the doctor left half his fortune to her and half to the medical school at Glasgow, so that with Donald's thousand pounds she had "a bit gold to her tocher" as the Scotch say, and this with her bonny looks might marry her well when the time came.

She seemed in no hurry about it, however; indeed, she had not a glance for the young students who hung around the doctor's house and cast sheep's eyes at her, much less for the country bumpkins who now and then tried a bashful word with her outside the kirk gate. At her age I was fretting for the loss of my saucy ensigns and thinking of jaunty gray-haired noblemen while I watched poor Donald crawling about with his bent body and crooked legs. Indeed, I

was scarce a six months older than Jean when I became a widow with her a chubby, laughing wean in my arms; but I would not have her begin her experience so early.

Well! there is Milan gone from me again while I waste time with talking of my own affairs which can interest nobody.

The two difficulties of expense and leaving the Inn without a mistress were got over by Jean's undertaking far more than her share of the cost, and by old Robin bringing his daughter and her two bairns to look after the house, which she undertook to do provided we stayed no longer than planting season.

There are so few visitors coming to the Inn between the first of December and Twelfth night that we could best be spared then, and finally, the wish to travel possessed Jean to that degree that there was no turning her from it, so we made ready to start early in the month of December, and, stopping only long enough in London to buy bonnets that might not put us to shame by being out of the fashion, got to Milan with no worse disasters than a good shaking up and a smell of garlic everywhere that clings to my nose yet.

But I am going a bit fast.

As the train moved out of the station in London a young man jumped into the carriage with us, and though none too glad of his company at first, the wean, and afterward the rest of us melted toward him before we reached Paris, and by the end of the journey we were all fast friends.

He turned out to be an American doctor, who after a couple of years at the German Universities was traveling a bit "for sport," he said, although it seemed to me he had already seen the world from end to end, and got all the sport out of it that any reasonable body could want. He was a plain young fellow with close clipped reddish hair, a prominent nose, and a set of fine teeth shining under his small mustache, but what surprised, and pleased me too, were his manners, for I never saw one of our own county folk more the gentleman, and yet he was as

easy with us as if we belonged to the gentry ourselves.

He delighted wee Jamie and amused my man no less, with his stories of wild students' doings, besides boasting somewhat of his own country, for which we could not blame him, and even making allowance for prejudice, it must be a better place than some of us are apt to think, or it could not turn out such fine lads as this.

Having spent many months (in his youth, he said) in the South of France and Italy, he could tell us a deal about them and he somewhat prepared me for what I was to see in Milan.

"I should like to have your impressions of the Southern Countries," he said to Jean; "I fancy you are too true a Scot to yield altogether to the charm of warmth and perfume."

"Here is the lass for that," said Jamie, with a hand on my shoulder.

"I think I'd like Germany best," chimes in the wean, "because you can't fight duels in Italy—can you?"

"Well, they have other ways of putting an end to you there," answered the American. "Pistols are rough, noisy things, so they slip a drop of arsenic into your cup, or stab you in the back."

"Really," said the bairn, with wide-open eyes.

"Not every day, you understand, Jamie; only when you are a terror."

"I'd rather fight with guns and swords as you said the students fight in Heidelberg," said Jamie, who was by this time mounted on his new friend's knee, and seldom left it afterward.

"Come now," said the other, "if you hanker after fancy work of that sort go right over to America and they'll set you to destroying the aborigines."

"What's that, Jean?"

"The Indians, my boy," said the doctor; "the warriors in feathers and paint that half you foreigners imagine walking the streets of our cities. I am one of the savages myself, you see, and always carry this scalp knife about to be handy in case of emergencies."

He took from his pocket a small case

filled with knives, scissors, needles, and a little instrument exactly like the one that Italian scamp had used the night Wardo was left to us. At sight of it my thoughts wandered back to the lad; I longed for him with an eagerness that was almost pain, and I heard no more of the laughter around me till the train stopped at Paris.

"Are you going to Milan with us?" asked the bairn, who had put the same question to the doctor a score of times in the last two hours without receiving an answer.

"Well," said the American, quietly, as if he had not settled it altogether in his mind, "I confess that I *had* thought of it, and if you are very anxious for my society I might allow myself to be persuaded."

"Oh! I should *love* to have you—shouldn't you, Jean?"

"Pray don't disturb yourself," said the young man, smiling, as Jean sat blushing and silent, "I am content that one of the party finds me too agreeable to part from, and if I go to Italy it will be especially to cultivate Jamie. I am sure old Masters and Cathedrals will bore him as thoroughly as they bore me, but it shall go hard with us if we cannot find something of interest in Milan. After all, Paris is an old story to me and I think I will only stay long enough to purchase a ticket."

My man was as pleased as the wean to hear this, and Jean did more talking the rest of the way than ever I knew her to before.

I must allow that I had no great wish to see more of our traveler when once we parted, but at Milan we gave him Wardo's address and received his card in return.

DR. J. ASBURY WILLIS,

New York.

it read; a name we are not likely to forget this many a day to come.

XI.

It was not till Christmas day that Wardo and Jean persuaded me to go to mass at the Cathedral.

I say Wardo and Jean, but Dr. Willis had more to do with wringing a consent out of me than either of the bairns, for he reasoned with me against setting myself to be better than my neighbors till I came near to believe I was as bigoted as a Paptist, and just to convince him of the contrary I made up my mind to follow their lead, when I had prayed the Lord to forgive me if I was encouraging idolatry, and after that I set to work with a better spirit to make Jean ready.

I had seen a few days before when walking on the Corso, a lady dressed more to my liking than any yet in Italy, and I kept her so long before me that I was able to copy her pretty little bonnet to perfection. It was a silver gray lined with pale blue and well suited Jean's complexion besides matching her best gown wonderfully, considering they were not bought together. I never saw her look so fair, as Wardo agreed, and though Dr. Willis said not a word, he could not take his eyes off her while I turned her about for inspection.

How this American had made himself a member of the family was a puzzle to us all. He was with us from morn till night, yet never in the way, always full of healthy spirits, as ready to be amused with whatever came to hand as if he had not been over the same things time and again, and above all that considerate for Jean and me you could tell his mother had brought him up in the right way. It seemed to make little difference which of us fell to his share, he trudged along with the wean clinging to his hand as contentedly as if he had been born a nurse, or he offered his arm to me with the grace of a young prince and had ears for none else while I talked, as I cannot help talking, of my bairns.

Jamie had a high opinion of his character and we often wished that Wardo had some of the energy he was wasting in this traveling "for sport," which took a deal of money as well as time. Only

with our lad he had not much in common, for I think in his heart Dr. Willis entertained as small respect for fiddle bows as our poor old Glasgow doctor now dead.

Beethoven was his bugbear he said, but Wagner was a nightmare, and our lad could not see how anything better than a barbarian could be so deaf to all that was beautiful.

And that brings me back to the Cathedral.

As Wardo was to play in the choir, we started early, he and Jean walking ahead, the doctor and wee Jamie following after, while my man and I brought up the rear.

Everybody was in holiday mood, as our American said, and in holiday clothes too, and a prettier sight I never hope to see.

The streets were thronged with merry, laughing crowds such as would surprise the wisest heads in Glasgow, but what held me dumb with wonder and delight was the Cathedral itself; not that I had not spent part of every day craning my neck to look at those hundreds of great and tiny points that stood out so pure and delicate against the blue sky, but this was my first visit to the inside.

The size and grandeur of it at first filled my thoughts, but presently I began to notice with astonishment the sights around; the people dotted about like currants on a cake, some walking through the aisles (for the mass was not yet begun) with guide books open, stopping beside a window or some painting or even the altars without any reverence of bearing, others kneeling before idolatrous images mumbling prayers while their eyes wandered to each new tourist that passed. Here and there two nuns (there were always two together) crossed themselves, their fingers all the while running over a string of senseless beads, and close beside their black or gray serge dresses would crop up, maybe, a little apple-cheeked lass with ribbons and cheap finery wherever she could find room to put it on her plump body.

As for the mass, it was worth traveling from Scotland to see, and I thought the

Pope himself was singing it, so grand he looked in his silken robes all bedizened with gold embroidery and a voice as fine as any in the choir, if there had been tune enough in what he sung to show it off.

But what with the bowings and scrapings, the lights, the glitter of precious stones and the mingled smell of incense and flowers my head was in such a whirl before it ended that I was right glad to get into the fresh air again.

"And when all is said, what is the richest fruit of the loom or the cunningest work of man's hands to Him who has Heaven for His throne and earth for His footstool?" thought I, as I descended the great marble stairs.

The American beside me was thinking of matters right different, as his first words plainly showed.

"Mrs. Carmichael," said he, "I want you presently to look over to the third pillar to the left and tell me if I haven't discovered a Venus. I had my eye on her during the whole performance inside, and as she was obliging enough to turn frequently in the direction of our party I made the most of my opportunities to examine her in every pose. Well, critically speaking, I think she would carry off the prize at any beauty show in the world."

"She is a handsome lass, doctor," said I, "but it seems to me a bit ill-tempered by the look of her."

"Ah! that is merely a fleeting expression I hope. Apparently there is some one or something in our vicinity which calls it up. Jamie, you are not making faces at the lady, are you?"

"I noticed her as we entered," said Jean, "she was half hidden behind a pillar then, as she is now, but she afterward went into the Cathedral directly behind us, just as Wardo left us at the door."

"She is like a fairy," said the wean, "for while we were talking about her, before you could wink, she has melted away."

"'Melted' is good, Jamie; it applies to sweets you know."

"And 'fairy' applies to her better

than 'Venus,'" said Jean, "at least I have begun to think of the goddess as all paint or all marble since I came here."

"There isn't any paint there," laughed the doctor, "and not much marble. One would think we were at a masquerade to-day—eh, Mrs. Carmichael! Just stand aside here a moment and look down on the parti-colored crowd; you will not often see anything so gorgeous. There is Mephistopheles, for instance, in his scarlet coat, only he has forgotten the cock's feather—by George! isn't that Carmichael talking with him?"

With his violin under his arm Wardo stood talking or rather listening to a Church dignitary whose queer costume attracted me less than the thin, pale face that looked paler by contrast with his red hat. Where had I seen that face? I could not imagine.

"Who is it?" I asked Jamie.

"How should I know?" said he, smiling, "perhaps the Pope."

"Have we not met the man somewhere? Are you sure?" I broke in.

"I am not sure enough to take my oath, Nannie, but I think I should not forget the dress, it is very odd."

"Very—I cannot think where it could be."

"I spoke of the dress."

"And I of the face. It looks at me as from a dream; it has followed me for years, yet I cannot think where it belongs."

"Most likely it reminds you of some painting, wife. There are scores of portraits of pinched, consumptive monks who would look the same if the artist had capped them with scarlet."

At this moment the stranger held out his hand to Wardo, who, to my amazement, bent to kiss it reverently.

"Who is your hectic friend, Carmichael?" asked the doctor, as the lad joined us.

"The Cardinal Cavari," said he, shortly.

I waited till the three young people were beyond hearing, then I said:

"Why did you kiss his hand, my lad?"

"It is a common act of respect toward

Church dignitaries, mither. You are so prejudiced against everything belonging to the Church that I have never told you what I owe to Cardinal Cavari. For nearly two years he has been my warmest friend; he has secured me every position I hold here, in the orchestra at La Scala, in the Cathedral choir on festivals; I owe it to him that my musical education was not ended long ago."

"We would have supplied your needs, Wardo," said Jamie, gravely; "you had but to make them known to us."

The lad colored.

"That was not always possible," he said.

"My lad, there is something wrong with you. We have journeyed all the way here to help you, but unless you are frank we will return as we came, feeling that you have no further need of us. And why should you fear to speak openly? I am not too old to overlook a young man's follies."

"When I am at liberty, my father, I will tell you all; at present, I can only ask your patience."

"I trust you may have no cause to complain of my patience, Wardo, if that is all, but there are questions I have delayed asking in the hope that you might see fit to return to your old confidence in them that loved and cared for you side by side with their own flesh and blood."

"If there are any questions that I can answer without betraying confidence or breaking my word, I am ready to do so, father."

"Then I would ask two things. Why have you given up the idea of finding some clue to your mother? And, is there a woman at the bottom of your secrecy and silence?"

"This much only I can say to your first question: I believe my mother to be dead."

"And her property?" I asked.

"That has passed out of my hands so far as I can gather."

"But how, dear lad?" I said, gently.

"Ask me nothing, mither," he cried; "it pains me to refuse you, but I am sworn to silence for the present."

"We will talk of it no more," said I,

grieved to the heart at this mystery, "only remember that when you left us near three years ago you said 'The mither here shall be my guardian angel, my violin the only companion I need. When anything tempts me from them I'll let you know.'"

He drew my hand within his arm and so we walked home without a word, nor spoke of these matters again, but far into the night there came to me such tones from Wardo's violin as if an erring soul imprisoned there had breathed upon the strings the psalm that David sang in sorest need.

XII.

WITH the light-heartedness of youth all this was forgotten and Wardo as merry as ever in a day or two. He and Jean gave us no rest night nor day about an opera they insisted we must see. "Faust" it was, and the lad did much to shake my powers of resistance by playing the music over many times, seeing how I enjoyed it. But neither Jamie nor I could easily make up our minds to forsake our old-fashioned prejudice against such worldly doings, and we doubted if it was a fit play to take our Jean to.

The lass settled that for us, however, by letting us know she had read most of the story with Dr. Graham, and found it more pitiful than wicked, and indeed she told it to me so feelingly that I could not help agreeing with her, but when Wardo mentioned a word of ballet one evening, Jamie set his foot down.

"We will not go to this 'Faust,' lad," said he. "If you will find something without these dancing lassies, no doubt the mither might be persuaded; for myself, I care nothing for such show pieces and will bide at home."

"But there is never an opera at La Scala without a ballet," returned the lad, keenly disappointed, "and they really are nothing once you are accustomed to them."

"No, indeed," chimed in Dr. Willis, laughing softly. "They are absolutely nothing. Why there are dozens of re-

spectable old gentlemen in my country who attend the performances every night in the season, and we only ask you to go once."

"Do, father," whispered Jean, with arms about his neck.

"I leave it all to the mither," said Jamie, glad to be rid of the responsibility.

With that the three set upon me with kisses and entreaties till I was fain to give my consent, having no will to refuse them anything.

It was the first time I had ever set foot in a theatre, and I stood a moment dazed at the beauty of the immense building as big and grand as the Cathedral, but all gilding and glass and lightness like fairyland. I had not long to look, for the musicians were already in their places as we took our seats near the stage, and a moment later the whole house was filled with melody.

I closed my eyes, for the nodding heads and smiling faces about me had nothing to do with these lovely sounds, and only reminded me where I was—which I wanted to forget.

A light touch of my sleeve made me look up and there sat the old "Faust," at his table burning a miserable sort of lamp and everything around dark. From that moment my eyes and ears were kept busy and through nearly the first act I was completely carried beyond myself into the life and joyousness of these stage singers. Such a voice the tenor had—and the "Diel" too! I never believed there could be aught so fine.

Then came "Marguerite," poor young thing! so modest and fair, for all the world like our Jean with her flaxen hair tied with a blue ribbon and a simple white gown—and oh! the singing of that slip of a maiden rings in my ear to this day.

I had but just begun to breathe after she left the stage when a bold creature with her limbs but half covered, a cape thrown off her shoulders and a saucy wee cap stuck on the side of her locks, came tripping in bearing a posy of artificial flowers, and when she had hopped about the garden a minute she walks up to the

front of the stage and begins to sing right at Wardo.

"Do you recognize the Venus of the Cathedral pillar?" whispered the American. "Seems to be making a dead set at you, Carmichael."

Wardo reddened, but said nothing, though it was clear the huzzy was known to him, and it made my heart ache to that degree I should have been glad to go home without delay, but before I had settled in my mind what to do she had danced off again, and Marguerite, now decked in jewels, soon sang the thought of everything so out of my head that I gave no heed to bairns nor neighbors, but just drank it all in as if I had been alone.

There had been a sample of what ballet meant in the early part of the opera, but no more like what followed later than our country-made curds are like to that strong smelling Dutch cheese that near moves about with life.

First there came traipsing in a score of half-naked lassies spreading out their blue gauze frills till they seemed like to fly away altogether, then as many more, shimmering over with clouds of white and silver, capered up to the blue ones and began grinning, waving their arms about as though they were daft, perching their heads on one side just as I have seen a curious robin do many a time, and then there was such a twisting and twirling, a dropping on one knee, a trotting hither and thither that I could have laughed if it had not been so indecent.

After they had wearied of their gymnastics they stood still in two rows along the sides, and a fresh lot, with even less on their shameless bodies, but of different colors, went through a performance pretty much the same as the blue and white, and then the whole of them (there must have been a hundred) remained cross-legged, or kneeling in some other uncomfortable position while a maiden, graceful and slender as a willow switch, tipped lightly to the footlights, spread out her skirts of sea green and silver, and began to outdo all the others put together.

I thought she would have snapped

her tiny waist when she bent almost to the floor, with one foot straight out in the air, and she must have had toes of iron to run so lightly on them, but what disgusted me more than all was the way she spun round like a top, the flimsy gauze floating almost above her crown, till at last she whirled herself quite off the stage, and was brought back to receive more flowers and hand-clapping than had befallen any actor of the evening. I was right thankful when this work of the devil was over, and Marguerite, now fast in prison, once more had the stage.

The singing of the final duet was beyond my hopes lovely, and as the notes climbed higher and higher, till they seemed to soar to heaven and move the pity of the Almighty's angels, my own soul was stirred to the depths, and I prayed that this poor innocent sinner might find mercy. While the prayer still lingered in my heart, the clouds opened, and behold fair white-robed spirits came and bore her away, and we heard the choirs of Paradise chanting, and though they sang in a foreign tongue I knew that she was forgiven

— XIII.

WE returned to Piebroch Inn a month later or thereabout, but not until the first white hairs had come in my locks and a couple of fine lines between the eyes which Jamie is ever trying to smooth away. Ever since we set foot on Scottish soil, have I worked to write out this history, though it was a sore trial to me to set down the troubles that will make me forever hate Italy. I had done it as best I could, and, having brought the book to an end, I read it to Jamie and Dr. Willis. Now, I had said what seemed to me no more than just and true, but

END OF BOOK I.

MAN.

BY T. FARDON.

MADE in the image of our God,
After His heavenly plan,

they two found it a bit hard, and they laid the blame to my Presbyterian education.

"What you have said will breed trouble with Wardo," said Jamie.

"And make the Cardinal Cavari turn in his grave," said the American.

I care little whether the bones of a Papist lie easy in the grave or no, but I would not for the world have the lad think I loved him less for all the pain he has caused me, so I just tore the manuscript and made up my mind that if this tale was to be finished it must be by some other hand than mine. It may be that my good man is right, that the other side of the story should be heard, and, though I do not agree with him that a Catholic stands as good a chance of Heaven as a member of Kirk, provided both serve God in this world to the best of their ability, yet I am willing enough to turn the rest of the telling over to one who understands better the ways of the world, the flesh, and the devil than I.

"Ah!" said the American, when I told him this, "you are most cruel where you should be kind. It is a pity that you had not remained long enough in Milan to cultivate the friendship of a woman who, in essentials, is the counterpart of yourself. I am sure that a closer acquaintance with Maria would have resulted in mutual admiration."

"By all means let her finish the story if you like," said I, turning red, "but when it comes to any love between me and a play actress it would be as natural as that water should run up-hill."

I handed him the manuscript as I spoke, saying that he might do with it what he pleased, but that he could never make me think a Romish priest aught less than the devil's emissary, or turn a stage dancer into anything better than an enticer of youth.

Yet naught are we but potter's clay,
For God alone is Man.

FAME.

BY LANTA WILSON SMITH.

NO, friend, I did not ask for fame at first;
For better things my young heart was athirst.
Life stood before me like an angel bright
With sunny-tinted hair, and robes of white.
She smiled, and beckoned with her snowy hands,
I gladly followed her through unknown lands.
She led me, first, through fragrant, flow'r-strewn
ways,

Through balmy nights and joyous summer days.
So near to Heav'n, it seemed almost in sight.
I often saw an angel take its flight
From star to star, or sweep its garments white
Across the dusky blue of early night;
While strangest music floated from afar,
As if the pearly gates were swung ajar,
That angels' songs might bridge the turbid tide,
For some one lingering on this earthly side.
But time passed by and lo, Sin followed near.
Peace went away, and Envy, Grief, and Fear—
Each with companions dark and grim as they,
Clasped hands with Life, and followed day by
day.

Then, suddenly, I saw Life was no longer fair.
Dim was the golden halo of her hair.
Her once white robe was torn and travel-stained.
Her pale, thin face, o'er which the tears had rained,
Had lost the sweetness that first won my heart.
"O Life!" I cried, and from the rest apart
Sank down. "This is enough. Grant me release.
Give me one moment of my childhood's peace—
I long for rest."

Her hand was on my head.
Her tender voice with soothing pity said:
"Art tired so soon? Rest comes not now, my
child,

Be patient. Just beyond this tangled wild
Are quiet fields and groves, and living streams.
There thou shalt realize thy cherished dreams.
Come, rouse thee, braver hearts would ne'er repine,
The joys that lie before thee, are divine."

Hope came, sweet Hope, and gave me her strong
hand,

And led me, fearless, through that darksome land;
Nor left me till I saw, with bliss supreme,
The rich fulfillment of my fondest dream.
Love, rest, and home. All that these words express
To those who prize their homes but little less
Than the pure Paradise of saints above,
And hold as sacred, some sweet earthly love.
I was content and asked for nothing more.
I had the best of earth's rich varied store.
And life grew precious to me then—so sweet,
I could have knelt in worship at her feet.

She sent the gift of song, then offered fame.
I laughed in careless glee. An empty name

It seemed, beside the depths I could not sound,
Of happiness, and peace, that flowed around
My soul, like a vast, sunlit, stormless sea,
Reaching from time into eternity.
So I lived on, forgetting former tears.
How long? I know not if 'twere months or years.
If seasons came and went, I heeded not
The changes. Fair memory bears no blot
Upon its page of storms or angry skies.
The heav'ns seemed cloudless as my love's own
eyes.

Then on my happy heart there fell the blight
Of deepest sorrow. Cold and still and white
Love lay before me. Unresponsive then,
Although no language of the tongue or pen
Could tell, with what keen agony I pled,
For one more whisper from my precious dead.
Silent and cold as some fair marble form,
Smiling, and all unmindful of the storm
Of grief, that overwhelmed and left my soul
A wreck, completely at the wave's control.
"O Life! are all thy promises of bliss
O'erwhelmed by woe unfathomable as this?
How long—how long must I still walk with thee,
When naught is left but pain and misery?"

"One thing remains," said she, "and that is fame.
You scorned it once; but yet an honored name
Has been esteemed by some, of greater worth
Than the most perfect dream of bliss, that earth
Has ever known."

"Forbear, forbear!" I cried,
"Talk not to me of fame, while at my side
The only one whose praise my heart would prize
Is lying dumb, with closed and sightless eyes!"

She smiled, and said: "'Tis well Grief does not
stay

A guest within the wounded heart, away;
Sorrow and tears must for a time hold sway.
You will desire my gift some future day.
But come, thy journey is but just begun.
We cannot rest until the day is done."

Relentless Life! I followed at her call.
Her sable robe, a sweeping funeral pall,
Absorbed the light, and all my path was left
As dark as night of ev'ry star bereft.

That was long years ago, but e'en to-day
Grief walks beside me all the weary way,
While Life still holds my hand and leads me on.
And now, when all I loved on earth is gone,
When happiness and peace have left my side,
And only Grief and Pain with me abide,
When naught is left to feed love's deathless flame,
At last—at last—I seek the gates of Fame.

THE LION HUNTER.

BY WM. S. WALSH.

AMONG the penalties of fame there are none more terrible than the persecutions of the lion hunter. He is indefatigable and ubiquitous; his nets and snares are spread in the most unsuspected places; he dogs the footsteps of the lion, pursues him into the sacred recesses of his home, and drags him out into the glare of publicity. Or he assails him through the mails, seeking advice, encouragement, assistance, an autograph. He cannot and will not be put off.

Nor is he a recent development. As far back as the eighteenth century Schiller complained that it was quite a peculiar case to have a literary name. "The few men of worth and consideration who offer you their intimacy on that score and whose regard is really worth coveting are too disagreeably counter-weighted by the baleful swarm of creatures who keep humming around you like so many swarms of flesh-flies, gape at you as if you were a monster, and condescend, moreover, on the strength of one or two blotted sheets, to present themselves as colleagues."

The great Goethe had a serene and splendid way of dealing with these bores. An admirer once broke into his bed-room at an inn. Goethe was undressing. But the worshiper, nothing daunted, fell at the feet of his idol, and poured out his ecstatic admiration. Goethe calmly put out the light and jumped into bed.

Sir Walter Scott had an equally hearty hatred of lionizing, but his courtesy prevented his showing it. He extended a kindly welcome to the intrusive bores who overran Abbotsford, pestered him with inquiries as to why he did not call his place Tollyveolan or Tillytudlen, questioned him about his own age and that of his wife, jotted down memoranda of other domestic details in their note-books, and shouted out "Prodigious," in facetious imitation of Dominie Sampson, at whatever was shown them. He was

scrupulously careful, also, to answer all letters addressed to him. In those days of high postage this was a tax, not only on his time and his temper, but on his purse as well. He spent as much as one hundred and fifty pounds a year in postage. Once a mighty package came from the United States. Five pounds were due on it. When opened it was found to contain a MS. called the "Cherokee Lovers," a drama written by a New York lady, who begged Scott to read and correct it, write a prologue and an epilogue, and secure a manager and a publisher. A fortnight later another package of similar size, charged with a similar postage, was placed in Scott's hands. When opened, out popped another copy of the "Cherokee Lovers," with a note from the authoress explaining that as the mails were uncertain, she had deemed it prudent to forward a duplicate.

In our own days Dr. Holmes is one of the greatest sufferers. Here is a really pathetic passage from his volume *Over the Tea-Cups*.

"For the last thirty years I have been in the habit of receiving a volume of poems, or a poem, printed or manuscript—I will not say daily, though I sometimes receive more than one in a day—but at very short intervals. I have been consulted by hundreds of writers of verse as to the merit of their performances, and have often advised the writers to the best of my ability. Of late, I have found it impossible to attempt to read critically all the literary productions, in verse and in prose, which have heaped themselves on every exposed surface of my library like snowdrifts along the railroad tracks—blocking my literary pathway, so that I can hardly find my daily papers."

You see he does not complain, he only laughs good-naturedly. But it is hard for an outsider to consider calmly such a selfish and impudent tax upon the time and strength of a gentleman so busy, so

weary, so old, and, above all, so kindly. Lawyers, doctors, and men of business are not expected to give professional advice without a full equivalent for the service, why should a literary man have to give time, counsel, and criticism, gratis, to every stranger who may apply for it?

There is no prominent man of letters in this country or in England who has not had a similar experience. No circumstance of age, illness, poverty, or exhausting labor serves to protect him from these unconscionable demands. Walt Whitman, himself, in his feeble old age was a conspicuous victim. There is something pathetic, and humorous as well, in his answer to a poet who recently called and offered to read a MS. tragedy. "No, thank you," said Whitman, "I have been paralyzed twice."

Carlyle was almost driven frantic by the callers who came to gratify their curiosity at his expense. And it is to be feared that too many of them were Americans. No wonder that he characterized the entire nation as "forty millions of bores."

In one of her letters, Mrs. Carlyle gives an interesting account of an American visitor:

"Oh! such a precious specimen of the regular Yankee, I have never seen since. Coming in from a drive one afternoon I was informed by Helen, with a certain agitation, that there was a strange gentleman in the library.

"He said he had come a long way, and would wait for the master coming home to dinner; and I have been," said she, "in a perfect fidget all this while, for I remembered after he was in, that you had left your watch on the table."

"I proceeded to the library to inspect this unauthorized settler with my own eyes. A tall, lean, red-herring-looking man rose from Carlyle's writing-table, at which he was sitting writing, with Carlyle's manuscripts and private letters lying all about; and running his eyes over me from head to foot, said:

"Oh! you are Mrs. Carlyle, are you?"

"An inclination of the head, intended to be *hauteur* itself, was all the answer he got.

"Do you keep your health pretty well, Mrs. Carlyle?" said the wretch, nothing daunted, that being always your regular Yankee's second word.

"Another inclination of the head even slighter than the first.

"I have come a great way out of my road," said he, "to congratulate Mr. Carlyle on his increasing reputation; and as I did not wish to have my walk for nothing, I am writing till he comes in. But in case he should not come in time for me, I am just writing him a letter here, at his own table, as you see, Mrs. Carlyle."

"Having reseated himself without invitation of mine, I turned on my heel and quitted the room, determined not to sit down in it while the Yankee stayed. But about half an hour after came Darwin and Mr. Wedgwood; and as there was no fire in the room below, they had to be shown up to the library, where, on my return, I found the Yankee still seated in Carlyle's chair, very actively doing, as it were, the honors of the house to them; and there he sat upwards of an hour, not one of us addressing a word to him, but he not the less thrusting his word into all that we said. Finding that I would make absolutely no answer to his remarks, he poured in upon me a broadside of positive questions.

"Does Mr. Carlyle enjoy good health, Mrs. Carlyle?"

"No."

"Oh! he doesn't! What does he complain of, Mrs. Carlyle?"

"Of everything."

"Perhaps he studies too hard—does he study too hard, Mrs. Carlyle?"

"Who knows!"

"How many hours a day does he study, Mrs. Carlyle?"

"My husband does not work by the clock."

"And so on.

"At last the gentleman, having informed himself as to all possible and probable omnibuses, reluctantly took his leave, without an opportunity of baiting

the bear, who would certainly have left the marks of the teeth on him."

Not all Carlyle's visitors, however, were Americans. George Gilfillan, the once famous preacher, lecturer, and critic of the Spasmodic School, once called upon the sage at Chelsea. Carlyle himself opened the door. He was in even grimmer humor than usual. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I am George Gilfillan," was the reply, "and I have been giving lectures on your books throughout the country."

"You have, have you? Damn your impudence. Good morning." And the door was shut in his face.

Emerson too, in his quiet home at Concord, was besieged by visitors of all sorts. "His mind," says Hawthorne, "acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face." Some were visionaries and theorists, others were mere curiosity seekers. They pestered him even in his declining years, when mind and memory had failed him. One morning his daughter found him entertaining a strange Boston woman in his library.

"Ellen," said the sage, looking up with an expression of hopeless bewilderment, "I wish you would attend to this lady, she wants some of my clothes."

And then the visitor volubly explained she was making a "poet's rug" on the principle of a crazy quilt. Mr. Longfellow had already given her an old shirt. She wanted a pair of Emerson's cast-off pantaloons. She called them pants, by the way.

Tennyson, who has always an acute horror of being lionized, for many years has intrenched himself in his house as his castle, denying himself to strange visitors. He has been obliged to build a high wall around his grounds with locked gates. But these very methods have whetted public curiosity to intensity. Not unfrequently when he walks out he finds a row of heads all around the wall. They stare, they make audible comments about him. The land around is trampled, the grass is killed by the

waiting crowd. They bring their lunches with them, and leave relics behind in the shape of dinner papers, crusts, and empty bottles.

Professor Jowett has sought equal seclusion, with even less success. He is one of the lions of Oxford. That town is subjected to constant inroads of tourists, all of whom crave a sight of the famous professor. It so happened, while he was engaged on his translation of Plato, that a guide discovered the professor's study window looked into the broad street. Coming with his menagerie under this window, the guide would begin: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is Balliol College, one of the very holdest in the university, and famous for the herudition of its scholars. The head of Balliol College is called the Master, the present Master of Balliol is the celebrated Professor Benjamin Jowett, Regius Professor of Greek. Those are Professor Jowett's study windows, and there"—here the ruffian would stoop down, take up a handful of gravel and throw it against the panes, bringing poor Jowett, livid with fury, to the window, "ladies and gentlemen, is Professor Benjamin Jowett himself."

In one of his "Roundabout Papers" Thackeray makes a humorous protest against the social miseries that are entailed upon famous men. He complains that he does his comic business with the greatest pains, seriousness, and trouble. It is his profession. Why cannot he leave that profession behind him when he goes out into society? "If you ask Mr. Blondin to tea," he says, "you don't have a rope stretched from your garret window to the opposite side of the square, and request Monsieur to take his tea out on the centre of the rope."

Perhaps lions should take some concerted action to do no roaring in private life. Indeed, by a wise provision of nature, many of them are unable to roar except in print. Like his African brethren, your literary lion is a very tame animal outside of his native jungle.

There is a familiar story of Francis Jeffreys' first meeting with Talleyrand. By his own request he had been seated next to the famous statesman at dinner. It

was a proud moment, and one from which he had hoped to carry away imperishable memories. The only remark that Talleyrand made was "*apropos* of your cock-a-leekie soup, M. Jeffreys, do you take it with prunes or without?"

Recently a London lady was taken down to dinner by a famous actor. She was in ecstasies. "I have met him at last," she thought, "he is the funniest actor in London, and he is going to talk to me for at least an hour and a half. How lucky I am." But the soup was disposed of, and then the fish and the entrees, and still the funniest man in London had not uttered a word. Suddenly his eyes fell on his wife who sat opposite. Then he turned to his companion. "It has been a long time coming," she thought, "but it has come," and she prepared to receive the joke.

"Do you see that dress on my wife?" asked the comedian.

"Yes."

"Well, it cost nine pounds," and not another syllable did he utter.

Another lady who was taken down by Tennyson, suffered an equal disappointment, after equal preliminary expectation. The only utterance which the Laureate let fall was the unpoetical remark, "I like my mutton cut in chunks."

Dr. Buckley tells a story of how years ago he followed Tennyson, who was with his wife and family, through the South Kensington Museum for two hours and a half, hoping to hear him speak. At last he made signs as if he were about to do so. Hoping to hear some notable criticism, the Doctor listened intently, and this is what he heard:

"You take care of the children, while I go and get some beer."

A young woman in Cambridge one day saw Longfellow and Lowell strolling a little ahead of her. She had often wished to know what poets talked about when they were together, so she quickened her pace. Just before she overtook them a little child came along. That seemed to give Lowell an idea. The young woman pricked up her ears.

"What are little girls made of?" said Lowell to Longfellow.

The reply was equally brilliant:

"Sugar and spice and all that's nice;
That is what little girls are made of."

It is a curious, and from the point of view of the lion, a really distressing feature of the lion-hunter's character that he cares very little for the work of his professed idol. The author of a gushing series of letters to the Duke of Wellington which have recently made their appearance had never heard of the battle of Waterloo. The actor finds that his admirers have never seen him on the stage, the author that they have never read his works. A rich German recently gave a dinner in honor of a famous poet. After dinner the guests begged the poet to read some of his verses. He agreed, after much apologetic modesty. But the host was now observed to show great uneasiness. When a copy of Herr M——'s poems were called for he was obliged to confess that he had not one in his house. There was great consternation and much suppressed laughter. But the host was equal to the occasion. He sent out and got a copy, not at the book-seller's, however, but at a circulating library.

ODE TO SPRING.

BY MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS.

I WAKENED to the singing of a bird;
I heard the bird of spring,
And lo!
At his sweet note
The flowers began to grow,
Grass, leaves, and everything,
As if the green world heard
The trumpet of his tiny throat
From end to end, and winter and despair
Fled at his melody, and passed in air.

I heard at dawn the music of a voice.
O my beloved, then I said, the spring
Can visit only once the waiting year;
The bird can bring
Only the season's song, nor his the choice
To waken smiles or the remembering tear!
But thou dost bring
Springtime to every day, and at thy call
The flowers of life unfold, though leaves of autumn fall.
—Century.

DOCTOR GREGORY.

BY ALICE CORKRAN.

DOCTOR GREGORY was walking up the street in which stood the house of his friend, Sir William Fay. It was a steep street, austere monotonous in its architecture; the August sun was hot, the elderly gentleman carried a heavy bag, yet he walked with a springing step. He was white-haired and of a fine open-air complexion. Notwithstanding a slight stoop, which betokened a dreamy habit of mind, there was a fire and a spirit about his whole appearance. His bright and hopeful eye, of somewhat abstracted gaze, kindled easily as he muttered to himself, and smiles played about his lips.

Dr. Gregory was an antiquary. He devoted his time and his energy to unburying the past. Enthusiastic by temperament, he was apt sometimes to over-estimate the importance of the discoveries he made, nevertheless, the British Museum and some local collections contained some curious relics of Roman and Saxon times that he had presented. While digging in the neighborhood of a Roman encampment he had lately come upon a square block of masonry ornamented with inscriptions in relief resembling nothing that he had yet found. The old gentleman was hurrying along to share with his friend the excitement and mystery of that find. Sir William Fay was a renowned excavator, of vast learning and judgment, who held a high official position. A warm friendship existed between the two men. Essentially different in temperament, community of tastes gave to their relationship the exhilaration of intellectual comradeship. If the truth must be told, however, Sir William's feeling for Dr. Gregory was one of affection for the man himself rather than of trust in his judgment as an archæologist. To the doctor, who was an old bachelor, friendship with the eminent scientist was the solace and delight of his solitary and studious life.

Dr. Gregory, not being the most patient of men, felt inclined to fume at being kept waiting on the doorstep. With the abruptness of intimacy he burst into his friend's study and cut short his greetings.

"My dear Fay," he said, in tones of mystery, "you will never guess what I have in this bag."

"The bag and its master, in effect, seem charged with mystery," replied his friend, an amused glimmer flickering up into his faded eyes. He was a man of incisive countenance. His finely-cut features of classic mold were somewhat marred by what looked like an accidental bluntness of the tip of the nose and projection of the chin. His friends said that he resembled a bust of Jupiter, fractured in the process of exhumation.

"I have something here that will surprise you, that will agitate you, my dear friend."

"Agitate me!" repeated Sir William with sceptically humorous emphasis, the amused glimmer, not devoid of sarcasm, still brightening his glance, as he regarded Dr. Gregory's face radiant and twitching with restrained communicativeness.

"I must prepare you for this find. I think, Fay, I may say without conceit that I have made some interesting discoveries."

"You certainly have," acquiesced Sir William, inclining his head.

"Well, I have found," cried Dr. Gregory, with a burst of sublime confidence, "a fragment which I believe to be unique. You know that encampment I have been digging through; well, I have dug below the Roman city into the early Briton period. Fay, I believe I have found there the trace of an early civilization—a lost civilization."

"Take care! take care!" said Sir William, in a tone of humorous warning.

"We old antiquaries are apt to be all too credulous."

"Credulous! You will judge for yourself. I am tolerably familiar with the great European museums, and I do not remember in any one of these national collections having seen such a fragment. Its shape, the inscription upon it, the position in which I found it, all add to its mystery, all deepen in me the conviction that it is unique."

"Take care, that is all I say; take care, Gregory, I know you of old. You are an enthusiast!"

Dr. Gregory made an impatient gesture as if about to open the bag, but he restrained himself. Affecting carelessness, he pretended to examine the treasures around. In the overweening importance that he attached to his concealed exhibit, he thought by this simple device to pique his friend's curiosity, and to draw from him the request to see that extraordinary relic.

To his mortification, Sir William Fay seemed to have forgotten all about it, and rambled off gayly to his own topics, describing the plan he proposed to adopt in directing certain excavations he was about to undertake in Asia Minor.

"Are you not interested in the important discovery made by your friend?" at last asked Dr. Gregory, reproachfully.

"Its importance, my dear Gregory, I do not pretend to estimate," replied Sir William, the gleam of mocking light returning to his glance. "You know we old antiquaries are getting a little weary of that word."

With a seriousness too profound for comment, Dr. Gregory unpacked the broken fragment and held it up at arm's length. "There!" he said.

"Where?" asked Sir William, with short-sighted gaze coldly passing over the fragment.

"Have you eyes?" asked Dr. Gregory with the calmness of irritation.

"My dear Gregory," replied Sir William, in a tone of bantering protest, "I see perfectly what you are showing me, but really your preface led me to expect something amazing!"

"I am aware," said Dr. Gregory, restraining the irritation that was making his temples throb, "that there are two specimens of sepulchral carvings, somewhat similar, perhaps, of immense antiquity in the — Museum."

"I fail to see a third, my friend," replied Sir William, with courtly chilliness. He put his glass to his eye. "Let me see—very interesting, very curious—but, my dear Gregory, I should say centuries later than the carvings to which you allude."

"I will not allow myself to be vexed, Fry," said Dr. Gregory, with great effort controlling the excitement that was gaining upon him, "but—pardon me for saying so—I do not think you are perfectly sincere. My dear fellow, there is something quite unworthy of you in all this."

"My dear Gregory," retorted Sir William, with polite irony unlike the asperity of his more real tone of affection, "let us make short work of this difference between us; let us compare this specimen with the undoubted antiquities in the Museum. Come along, I will show you the points of difference."

"Fay!" cried Dr. Gregory, flushing purple, "I am too old to be lectured by you. I am experienced as a scientist. I venture to say that of such antiquities I am a better judge."

"You are too credulous, Gregory, to be a judge. The true scientist approaches every question of the kind with a wholesome incredulity. Now there is old Mr. Goldbeater." Here Sir William Fay indulged in a long story of the archaeological blunders made by a silly quasi antiquary. Poor Dr. Gregory's temper completely gave way on finding himself ranked with an ignorant amateur. With a snort of indignation and trembling hands, he packed up the precious fragment into its wrappings, returned it to the bag, and made for the door.

As he held it open, "Fay," he said in a muffled voice, "this ends our friendship. I came to you in openness of heart, you have returned my confidence with insult. I do not wish to have any further intercourse with you."

He went out, banged the door after him, and left the house.

One evening, a week later, Dr. Gregory was sitting alone in his study. A melancholy was over him. The lamp-light glistened on fragments of mosaics, on broken tiles, on bronze weapons steeped to the hilt in the romance of war, on statuettes of visionary mold. The giant lullaby of the past which so long had soothed him had been rudely interrupted by the intrusion of the present's pain. He had not heard from Sir William Fay. The sundering of the old friendship gave the lonely bachelor acute pain.

Dr. Gregory was going once more over all the details of that quarrel, when the servant announced Sir William Fay's son, Fred.

The elderly gentleman felt a spasm of pleasurable anticipation at his heart. Had Fred come on a mission of reconciliation? He disguised his emotion as he greeted his guest; pressed hospitable offers upon him, and talked on indifferent topics. He noticed that the young fellow was moody, that his pleasant laugh was silent.

"The governor started on his travels two days ago," observed Fred, after a moment's silence. "He and I have quarreled."

"Quarreled!" exclaimed Dr. Gregory, not averse to hearing that another had suffered from his friend's temper.

Fred moved uneasily, then he rose, went to the mantelpiece, put his elbow upon it, and turned away his head.

"The fact is I am in love!" He brought out the words with shamefaced abruptness. Then he resumed, more naturally, "the governor won't hear of the engagement. If I marry he says he will cut me off with a shilling."

Dr. Gregory looked at the youth with a blank expression.

"Would the match be so unsuitable?"

"Unsuitable! Unsuitable for her. She ought to marry a king!" cried Fred, enthusiastically.

He was a handsome youth, with a boyish brightness of glance and manner.

"But she is willing to have me, and no one can stand in the way. No one!"

He spoke with a feverish rapidity peculiar to him when excited.

"What is the objection?" asked Dr. Gregory.

"She has no money. Her father ran through every penny. That is why the governor won't hear of it. But I shall go to the Colonies; I shall live in the bush; I will do anything to make my fortune; then come back and marry her."

"What is her name?" asked Dr. Gregory, feebly, overwhelmed by that young ardor.

"Amy! I mean Miss Ancelot."

"Amy Ancelot!" repeated Dr. Gregory, with sudden emotion.

The young fellow nodded.

"Do you know her?"

"Does she live at Manilhurst, in the Vicarage?"

Fred gazed with a perplexed stare.

"She lives at Manilhurst, and she is now staying on a visit at the Vicarage?"

"It is a delightful old house," said Dr. Gregory, "it stands in a beautiful garden. There is a sun dial, and close to it is a seat hollowed out in the wall. A passion flower grows over it."

"There is clematis, now," said the youth, still staring.

"You wonder," said Dr. Gregory, "how I remember that house and that garden so vividly. Twenty-five years ago there lived in it a girl, the most charming I ever saw. Her name was Amy Ancelot."

"Amy Ancelot!" repeated Fred.

Something in the ingenuous and mystified expression of the young man drew from the doctor the secret that he had never breathed to mortal ear.

"The mother of the girl you love lived there. I loved her."

"But how do you know that she was Amy's mother?" asked Fred.

"My Amy married her cousin. She was the Vicar's daughter. She continued to live at Manilhurst. She died five years ago."

"That is all true," admitted the young

man. He hesitated, then he asked, "How is it you did not marry her?"

"She was very charming," said the old man. "She was charming to everybody. It was part of her nature to charm all those who came near her." Dr. Gregory paused, then continued: "She was incomparably charming. I sometimes thought she cared for me. I was poor. An opportunity presented itself to win distinction, perhaps fortune. You know I had done well at college. I was editing a classical work. A noted explorer offered to take me to Greece. I worked hard under him. I was away two years. My uncle died suddenly, and left me his heir. I returned to England rich and not unsuccessful; but Amy had married."

Fred did not break the silence that followed.

"Has the daughter the same fascination?" asked Dr. Gregory.

"I never saw the mother, sir," replied Fred, gently. "I do not know how Amy would strike you. To me she is bewitching beyond all telling."

Dr. Gregory's eyes shone with a moist and tender brightness.

"You must not leave her. Remember my fate, Fred."

"Will you intercede for us with the governor, sir?" said the young man, wistfully.

"Intercede! Don't you know that we have quarreled, Fred?"

"Quarreled! What about?" exclaimed Fred, amazed.

"About that!" the antiquarian replied, pointing to the fragment of stone.

"About that!" repeated Fred, sticking a glass into his eye, and screwing up his face to keep it in place. "What is the matter with it?"

In his heart the young fellow considered all antiquities so much rubbish. He could not understand a craze for broken fragments and old pots.

"Matter with it! it is unique!" cried Dr. Gregory, the antiquarian spirit within him blazing up once more.

"I should think it was!" said Fred, gazing with ferocious interest through

his eye-glass at the fragment. "Did the governor dispute its antiquity?"

"Dispute it! he ignored it, Fred! He sees nothing in it!" Dr. Gregory's voice shook.

"Ignored it! why it is the most extraordinary fragment I ever saw," said Fred, heartily.

"It is, Fred, it is! You are a good lad, Fred!"

"Will you intercede for us with my father, sir?" Fred resumed, letting his eye-glass drop, and looking at Dr. Gregory with a new wistfulness. "It is my last chance of winning his consent. If you will not, I must go to Australia."

"Don't do that, Fred, don't do that. I'll think over it. I'll let you know."

When Fred had gone, Dr. Gregory sat doing nothing. The enchanted past was about him, the air was full of its whispered "might have beens." Why had he never married? Why had he never cared for a woman as he had cared for this one? A restlessness came over the old man. He had never been able to bring himself to visit the place where she had been; he had avoided it in his thoughts. But now a spell seemed to be drawing him to Manilhurst. Still he shrank from the idea of encountering its golden memories. Then a sudden and wild resolution came over him to go and face these haunting and heart-breaking associations—to go and see the girl who exercised over Fred the fascination that her mother had exercised over him.

The next afternoon Dr. Gregory was strolling in the old-world streets of Manilhurst. The haunted feeling he had dreaded was over him, it filled him with a mournful ecstasy that was almost akin to joy. He had expected to find everything greatly changed; everything was exactly as he had left it. The very shadows of the trees in the High Street seemed the same. He remembered how several times she had walked down that street by his side; he almost fancied he could feel the draperies of her skirt brushing against his feet. He entered the church; he found the place where she used to sit. He paused before the great colored window

behind the altar; he remembered how they had stood and looked at it together. She filled the place; it was alive with her presence. It was the most thrillingly alive place he had visited since he left it twenty-five years ago.

He went to the Vicarage, the sun was shining on the lattice window that was hers; he turned away, he could not enter the house yet. Later on he returned, and summoned up courage to knock. Every one, the servant said, was out, except Miss Ancelot. Dr. Gregory sent up his card, and was shown up into the drawing-room. The furniture was not the same he remembered, but there was the bow-window where he and she had often sat together. As he stood dreamily looking around him, the door opened, and a tall, slight girl, dressed in black, entered. Dr. Gregory stared; she was exactly like her mother, she had the same charming eyes, penetrating, yet caressing.

"Perhaps you do not know my name. I was a friend of your mother," he said, with the bluntness of desperation, his heart was beating like a drum.

"Yes, my mother has spoken to me of you, Dr. Gregory, and I am glad to meet you," she replied, holding out her hand.

He took it. "I hope she spoke kindly of me," he said, breathlessly, scarcely knowing what he said.

She smiled, but did not answer. It was her mother's entrancing smile, giving to her face the effect of being passingly seen in sunlight.

He moved away. When he turned, she was looking at him with that searching, sympathetic glance.

"You are very like her," he said.

She shook her head. "She was the most beautiful being, and the best. She was an angel."

"No, she was a woman," he said.

They looked at each other, and he knew that she understood.

They sat down and they talked of her mother. He gathered from what she said that which he had guessed before that the marriage had not been a happy one. As he watched her, Dr. Gregory recognized that the daughter was not so

beautiful as the mother, but she had the same picturesqueness, and her countenance had more determination. He noted also that the expression of the mobile face when at rest was sad. He mentioned Fred's name. Miss Ancelot became very reserved, and he was sure that she grew a little pale.

"Will you not look upon me as an old friend, my dear," he said, with a pathetic, flurried smile. "I am a pre-historic friend; I hope I may speak frankly to you. Are you not engaged?"

"If Fred mentioned our engagement, it was premature," she replied distantly, with a blush.

"Fred is my godson," explained Dr. Gregory, with anxious insistence, "it was natural that he should speak to me of what was all important to him."

Still Amy repeated her expression of regret that the engagement had been mentioned.

"There is an obstacle, a great obstacle, my dear," said the old man, slowly, putting his hand on hers. "If anything should make you think of parting with Fred, hesitate. In a manner such partings finish a life. I was parted from your mother."

She rested her bright pitying eyes upon him for a moment, then all her reserve melted.

"I would not part with Fred if I could help it," she said with a flush and a pallor. "His father has written to me, he disapproves of the engagement. He writes with terrible directness; I cannot express how deeply I am wounded at the tenor of his letter. The large family of daughters he has by his second marriage makes it imperative that Fred should, as shortly as possible, be independent of his help. He is right in saying that with his son's expensive habits a penniless wife would be an inconceivable hindrance to his career. For Fred's sake I must break off this engagement. I must leave this place."

"Don't let it be a break-off. Whatever you do, don't let it be a break-off," pleaded Dr. Gregory.

"Put yourself in my position," answered the girl, with energy. "What

can I do? I cannot, in the face of his father's opposition, keep on this engagement. I have heard of a situation as traveling companion. I shall take it. I must leave Manilhurst. If I did not leave, Fred would never consent to abstain from seeing me."

Dr. Gregory sat in perplexed silence. Loyalty to the friend with whom he had quarreled kept him dumb; then he said, as with effort, "If Fred would not consent under the circumstances to submit to the honorable necessity of not calling upon you, I admit you had better leave this place."

"I know that he would not; and I too," continued Miss Ancelot, with a quaver in her voice, "confess I am guilty of weakness, perhaps even of doing something very wrong. I am giving Fred a final meeting. I wrote to him that he might come to-day. I think that I hear his step."

She rose and went to the window. Fred's voice sounded outside. "I will not embarrass this meeting," said the old man, rising, "but, I entreat of you, do not let your decision be final. His father may change if circumstances should change."

He took her hand, and held it with a tender and lingering clasp. He felt his eyes grow moist; he turned and left the room softly, closing the door after him.

On the stairs he met Fred, looking pale and anxious. "Take courage, lad. Let my fate be a warning to you. Do not lose heart," he whispered.

When Fred entered the room he could not at first see Amy. Then she stepped from behind the curtain and confronted him in helpless silence for a moment. He put out both hands, and she took them readily. He was about to draw her nearer to him, but she moved away.

"I have something to say, Fred. You will think me cruel, but it is for the best." She spoke with the hoarse note of emotion in her voice.

"What is for the best?" he asked, shortly.

"We must break off our engagement," she panted. "Ah!" she went on in a

supplicating tone, "your father is right. He has written to me. I know a penniless wife would be a millstone hung about your neck."

"I refuse to release you," said Fred, harshly.

"You cannot act for yourself in this matter. I must act for you, Fred." Her voice was husky. "We must part, dear Fred. We should never be happy with the shadow of his disapproval between us."

"I should be happy with you whoever disapproved," the young man replied, pale to the lips. Then, with a sudden rage of jealousy, "This is not the reason that you part from me," he cried, "Chisholme is in love with you. I know it. You have walked out twice with him."

"If you think this, so be it," she replied, with a flush. "Let us part."

"No, no, no!" he cried, with a burst of despair.

"Fred," she said, gently, "let us trust each other. We may not see each other, but if obstacles can be overcome, we shall overcome them by our constancy."

"I cannot live without seeing you," he cried.

She shook her head without speaking. He looked at her. Something in the expression of her face chilled his heart. He threw himself down on the sofa, hid his face down in the cushions and sobbed. Amy went to him, laid her hand softly on his head. "Your friend, Dr. Gregory, had an intense love for my mother. He loves her still. Let us be like him, Fred, faithful, though apart." With a word and a gentle caress she was gone.

Fred arose; he felt giddy. He wanted to get out into the air. Pulling his hat down over his brows, he strode out into the country. The evening deepened into night, still he tramped on, not caring where he went. When at last he stopped walking through sheer fatigue, the dawn was breaking through the sky. He found that he had retraced his steps, and that he was just outside the Vicarage garden. The steadfastness of the pale stars still keeping their watch, the amity of the morning, sank into his heart and spoke

to him of patience. He remained leaning against the low wall, gazing up at her window. The village folk early astir looked curiously at him. He went swiftly to the station and caught the first train up to London. A few hours later he was in Dr. Gregory's study.

The old man looked anxiously at him. "Well?" he asked.

"Our engagement is broken off," said Fred, in a voice that had lost all its hopefulness.

"What! are you mad?" cried the old man, with a burst of anger. "Do you mean to say that you took the girl at her word? You have allowed your engagement to be broken off finally?"

"It was her wish," answered Fred.

"Her wish," repeated Dr. Gregory, with a gesture of despair. "But don't you see what you have done? The girl loves you. Her pride is wounded, and you have allowed a decision, taken in a moment of just resentment, to influence your two lives. You have simply thrown away your chance of happiness—your single chance."

"I know it," replied Fred, with a groan. "What could I do?"

"What could you do?" echoed Dr. Gregory. "You should have agreed to part from her for a time, but you should have made her understand that you held the engagement between you as indissoluble. Fool! to have thrown away the peerless chance of happiness that comes but once to a man in his life!" The doctor walked restlessly about the room, muttering, "The girl's resolution to remain faithful will grow chill and cold. She will lose her trust in you." Then pausing in front of Fred, "Go to her at once," he cried.

"Go to her," repeated Fred, breathlessly. "Do you really advise me to go to her when she has herself sundered the tie between us?"

"Yes, go to her, go to her at once. Tell her you are ready for a while to hold no communication with her during a period of ordeal. Be ready to keep loyally to that promise, but let there be no breaking off between you."

"Be sure that you are advising me

right," said Fred; "for what you counsel I will do."

"Go," repeated Dr. Gregory.

Fred caught the midday express. As the train sped along, his hopes, fears, aspirations raced more quickly yet. Would the train never reach the goal where there awaited him the sight of the girl he loved? At Manilhurst he madly tore down the road that led to the Vicarage. He pulled furiously at the bell. "Miss Ancelot," he said, as the door opened.

"Miss Ancelot is gone, sir. She left an hour ago," the servant replied.

"Gone!" The shock staggered Fred.

"Where is she gone?" he asked.

"We do not know, sir; she left no address with us. The Vicar is at home. Would you like to see him?"

Fred was shown into the study. The Vicar received him with suave coldness. He confirmed the servant's report. Miss Ancelot had left an hour ago. He was not at liberty to tell where she had gone. He had given his word not to divulge her secret. No entreaties or remonstrances of Fred could persuade the reverend gentleman to throw any light on Miss Ancelot's movements. It was her intention, he understood, to leave England shortly. In conclusion, the Vicar exhorted the young man to submit to his father's wishes, and to respect Miss Ancelot's desire to be forgotten. His manner brought an added bitterness to Fred's heart. Toward midnight Dr. Gregory received another visit from Fred.

"She is gone! For God's sake can you tell me where she is?" the young man cried, incoherently.

"I can tell you nothing of her," said Dr. Gregory, looking away.

"It cannot be simply because of my father's disapproval that she has left me. I don't believe it," cried Fred.

"Hush! Do not cast a slur upon her," said Dr. Gregory, sternly. "Be brave, be firm!" he continued, as the young fellow turned away. "Fred, she has done this for your sake, do not let her have to despise you."

"I shall leave England at once; there is nothing to detain me," said Fred, with a heart-sick groan.

The doctor went to him and laid a hand upon his arm. "Decide nothing for the present; the mystery may clear up, Fred. I am setting off on a journey. Promise to take no important step until I return."

"For the sake of our old friendship," Dr. Gregory pleaded, as Fred did not answer, "promise not to leave England until I return, or at any rate, until the end of the year."

"I promise, if you wish it," said Fred, walking blindly about the room.

During the weeks that followed Fred's life was one continued effort, first to find her, then to forget her. In both objects he signally failed. Sometimes he thought that the breaking off of his engagement was an illusion—a wild trick of his brain. Sometimes a shapeless torment of jealousy seized him. Temptations to drown his sorrow in forgetfulness beset him, but always the sainted thought of his love restrained him as he hovered on the brink of moral ruin. Once he called on the Vicar, but the reverend gentleman had not heard from Miss Ancelot, and had lost all clue to her whereabouts. He wrote to his father, but received no answer. From Dr. Gregory there came no sign. All enjoyment died out of Fred's life. He avoided his friends. Then once more the longing to leave England seized him, to get away from all that reminded him of her. He remembered his promise to wait till the end of the year; but he took his passage for Brisbane on a ship sailing on the first of January.

Christmas was passed, and the last week of the old year was a few days old when he received a note from Dr. Gregory, announcing his return, and asking Fred to come up that evening to have a talk. There was not a word of Miss Ancelot in the note.

"Talk! we have had enough talk and to spare," thought poor Fred, dejectedly. At the appointed hour, however, he made his way to the doctor's house, and entered the study unannounced. On the threshold he paused. Dr. Gregory had another guest. Fred recognized his father, standing with his back to the fire.

"Well, how are you, sir?" said Sir William Fay, without stretching out his hand to his son. An expression of pity softened the sternness of his glance. Fred looked pale and haggard.

Dr. Gregory shook hands with him with radiant fussiness. "You see my old friend and I have made up," he exclaimed, patting Sir William Fay on the shoulder. The doctor struck Fred as altered; he appeared worn and thin. As Fred glanced from one to the other a wild hope seized him. It fell under the chilliness of his father's glance.

"I have heard bad reports of you, sir, of the neglect of your work, of your wildness. Take care, you may presume too much on being my only son," said Sir William.

"I shall presume on it no more, sir. I am going out of England in a few days."

"You are going to the dogs, sir, that is where you are going," growled Sir William, deliberately surveying his son through his spectacles.

"Going to the dogs!" repeated Fred, bitterly. "I would have gone there sure enough, but for the thought of the girl from whom you parted me."

"Pshaw! she left you of her own free will. She wrote a most sensible letter, an admirable letter. She saw the force of my decision. Forget her as she has forgotten you."

"She has not forgotten me!" cried Fred, with energy. "It was her love which impelled her to leave me. She would not drag me down by poverty."

A thousand doubts had rent his heart during those terrible weeks, now they lay dead at his feet as he proclaimed Amy's truth.

"Go in there, sir," commanded Sir William, in scathing tones, pointing to the door of another room, "and judge for yourself if she has not forgotten you."

"Yes, yes, judge for yourself," repeated Dr. Gregory, opening the door and pushing Fred inside.

He saw her standing there. She looked appealingly toward him.

"What does it mean?" gasped Fred, putting his hand to his forehead.

"It means," Amy said, brokenly, "that if you wish it still, Fred, if you wish it, we can be married."

"If I wish it!" he repeated, and he caught her in his arms.

"Dr. Gregory has donè it all! That dear man, for love of my mother, has done it all," she said, as soon as she could speak. "He journeyed all the way to that place in Asia Minor to see your father, to plead with him for us. He fell ill, he nearly died on the way, but he won his consent to our marriage. And O Fred! he has adopted me. He has taken me to be his daughter. I am to come to you no longer as a dowerless bride. I shall not hang like a millstone round your neck."

What Fred replied it is needless here to record.

"Well! has she or has she not forgotten you?" inquired Sir William Fay, thrusting his head in through the door. His genial voice was a contrast to the surliness of his former tone.

Walking in, he stretchad out his hand. "Come, lad, forgive me," he said. "I did not know you could care for any-

thing so much. Somehow, I thought of you as a fop only, Fred."

"To a fop I would not give the girl I love dearly, for her own sake, more dearly yet for that of another!" said Dr. Gregory, in a moved voice. He had entered the room behind his friend. Taking Amy's hand he put it into that of Fred.

Later on during the evening, Sir William Fay, standing with his back to the fire, suddenly exclaimed: "Gregory, that is a most remarkable fragment, most remarkable! Where did you pick it up?"

"That is the fragment we quarreled about," replied Dr. Gregory.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Sir William, examining the stone more closely with his short-sighted gaze. "Where were my eyes? A most remarkable fragment of undoubted and great antiquity, I should say a fragment almost unique of its kind."

"I knew it, I knew you would think so, Fay, if you would examine it," Dr. Gregory said, tears standing in his eyes, as he shook hands with his friend.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

SOCIETY verses are for the main part minikin and dainty little poems, lightly dwelling on the whims, affectations, and caprices of the passing hour. Love forms the theme of many of these little poems; but love is in the background, and propriety and courtesy are always to the fore. The writer of *Vers de Société* is delicately ironical; his scorn is but the petulance of a graceful humming-bird. His playfulness is oftentimes tender, and its subtlety gives the greater effect to his light and airy satire. The world he lives in is a world composed of fragile china shepherds and shepherdesses; he must needs be delicate in his treatment of them, or, by one false step, he will demolish a whole group of his pretty models. Above all, the writer of society verse must let no sorrow or sadness creep into his verses. His first object should

be to please and to divert; he will hide a tear as he rattles his cap and bells; or, by an artfully wrought conceit, disguise, and possibly conceal from the view altogether, the more grave and serious side of things. The side he shows us of the medal is the bright side; he may himself see the reverse, but it is his business to present the best face.

It must not be at all supposed that because this kind of verse is fanciful and *légère* that it is by any means the easiest of construction. There is certainly no great thought or mighty image to be found in these verselets—they differ from sonnets in this respect. A sonnet has been described as "an epic in fourteen lines;" and it is an indication of the feeling of the times that sonnet-writing is giving place to society verse. Sonnets are governed by hard and fast

rules, and the muse is fettered in shackles of iron; but in society verse this is perhaps even more so, and the verses are polished and repolished till they become dainty and fastidious. They must sparkle with a well-restrained wit, and must never approach in the slightest way hearty mirth and rollicking fun. To raise the loud boisterous laugh by his buffoonery—that is the business of the parodist; but the writer of society verse must not be clad as a harlequin at a pantomime; he must be elegantly attired in court dress, with silken hose and prettily-pointed shoes, and his delicate white hands, with their slender fingers and rosy nails, must taper like those of a courtly lady.

The humor of *vers de société* must be quaint in its conceit. The author of pretty rondeaus and ringing villanelles may perhaps see gross abuses in the very heart of society; he may see rank weeds and poisonous flowers growing here and there in the very midst of the Eden of the fashionable world; but he will only give his readers glimpses for one instant of these evils, and his satire must be elegant, graceful, and delicate. He can only administer his criticisms in homœopathic doses; his productions must not be reflective, but crisp and sparkling. *Vers de société*, according to the definition of Mr. Frederick Locker, no mean authority, should be "short, elegant, refined, and fanciful, not seldom distinguished by chastened sentiment and often playful. The tone should not be pitched high; it should be idiomatic, and rather in the conversational key; the rhythm should be bright and sparkling, and the rhyme frequent and never forced; while the entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish, and completeness."

Although *vers de société* is in its purest forms only an adaptation from the French, who have since the troubadours and the days of Villon excelled in the light and fantastic style of versification, Herrick and Waller and Sir John Suckling have left us many specimens of fanciful English society verse; but we must come down to writers only recently

dead to find modern specimens of this school, such as Praed and Tom Hood, and Thackeray, though these are not strict in their adherence to the French forms. Living writers afford the best specimens of this new English school of verse, and among the foremost ranks are such names as Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, and Dr. Macdonald. As a specimen of the *vers de société* spirit, the following, from the facile pen of Mr. Henry S. Leigh, is worthy of quotation:

THE TWO AGES.

Folks were happy as days were long
In the old Arcadian times;
When life seemed only a dance and song
In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage,
As the pitiless years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the Golden Age
And come to the Age of Gold.

Time went by in a sheepish way
Upon Thessaly's plains of yore.
In the nineteenth century, lambs at play
Mean mutton, and nothing more.
Our swains at present are far too sage
To live as one lived of old;
So they couple the *crook* of the Golden Age
With a *hook* in the Age of Gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round
Heard news of his latest flame;
And Tityrus made the woods resound
With echoes of Daphne's name.
They kindly left us a lasting gauge
Of their musical art, we're told;
And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age
Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.

Dwellers in huts and in marble halls—
From shepherdess up to queen—
Cared little for bonnets and less for shawls,
And nothing for crinoline.
But now simplicity's *not* the rage,
And it's funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the Golden Age
Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, balloons, and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old *régime*,
And, spite of Lemprière's dazzling page,
I'd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the Golden Age
For a year of the Age of Gold.

Some of the best examples of this æsthetic school of verse may be found in Austin Dobson's *Vignettes in Rhyme* and

Andrew Lang's *Rhymes à la Mode* and *Ballades in Blue China*. We cannot forbear from quoting a charming one from this latter book :

There's a joy without canker or cark,
There's a pleasure eternally new—
'Tis to gaze on the glaze and the mark
Of china that's old, and that's blue ;
Who'd have thought they would come to us, who
That o'er loot of an empire would hang
A veil of Morrisian hue,
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang ?

These dragons—their tails you remark,
Into bunches of lotus flowers grew—
When Noah came out of the Ark,
Did these lie in wait for his crew ?
They snorted, they snapped, and they slew,
They were mighty of fin and of fang,
And their portraits Celestials drew
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

Here's a pot with a house in a park,
In a park where the peach-blossoms blew,
Where the lovers eloped in the dark,
Lived, died, and were turned into
Bright birds that eternally flew
Through the boughs of the May, as they sang ;
'Tis a tale was undoubtedly true
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

ENVOY.

Come snarl at my ecstasies, do,
Kind critic, your tongue has a tang,
But a sage never heeded a shrew
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

The following elegant and charming *morceau de poésie* is from the pen of Austin Dobson :

Oh ! Love's but a dance,
Where Time plays the fiddle !
See the couples advance—
Oh ! Love's but a dance !
A whisper, a glance—
" Shall we twirl down the middle ?"
Oh ! Love's but a dance,
Where Time plays the fiddle !

Though only eight lines in its entirety and one of these lines occurring three times, and another one twice, yet in spite of its artificiality, in spite of its limited space it manages to convey to the mind a flash of a pretty picture even if only for an instant. It will be noticed with what grace and subtleness the conversational is introduced in the sixth line.

A most finished poem, and rising to a very high level above the average standard of these pretty lilting rhymes, is that entitled *Expectation*, by Edmund Gosse :

When flower-time comes and all the woods are gay,
When linnets chirrup and the soft winds blow,
Adown the winding river I will row,
And watch the merry maidens tossing hay,
And troops of children shouting in their play,
And with thin oars flout the fallen snow
Of heavy hawthorn blossoms as I go ;
And shall I see my love at fall of day
When flower-time comes ?

Ah, yes ! for by the border of the stream
She binds red roses to a trim alcove,
And I shall fade into her summer dream
Of musing upon love — nay, even seem
To be myself the very god of love,
When flower-time comes !

Is not this a complete summer dream in verse ? We can fancy as the lines run on that we are listening to the soft plashing of the river stream against its tufted banks ; we can see the poppies in rich patches amidst the waving corn ; and we can smell the delicious fragrance of the new-mown hay as it is wafted on the gentle breeze that bears to us in fitful lullabies the song of the light-hearted mowers.

Vers de société, although it has much in it to commend it, lacks earnestness, and it is this lack of earnestness, this mere conforming to conventional forms, and dealing only with fleeting topics that will give to it no great duration. Its superficiality is a sure sign of its short-livedness. Alas ! the pretty poems that have served to divert us during the long winter days of this life will be put on the shelf when we have passed into the great land of sunshine, and our great-grandchildren will regard them much as we regard the curious old-fashioned china shepherds and shepherdesses ; and new songs will be sung then, the old, old tale of love will still be told, but new eyes will brighten to hear it, and the telling will be ever fresh.

A MODERN SOPHISTER.

BY WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Ruth opened her eyes, she touched Mark's hand, who was bending tenderly over her, and he lowered his face to hers.

"Has he gone?" she asked, with a little shudder.

"Yes, yes, my dear—don't worry—don't think about it. Just sit still and—"

She had pulled herself upright in the chair with a quick movement as he was speaking, and then sank back, a little wearily.

"Oh! how can I help thinking—how can I help thinking?" she said, with a little burst of tears. Then, brushing them away, "I do not want to be foolish, but one cannot be a new person in one night without a little regret for the old person and the old life, however unsatisfactory they may have been. It is different with a woman than a man. We are but the playthings of the men, to be thrown aside when out of fashion—when the glitter is worn off, and—oh!—you cannot understand what this is to me. I cannot realize it myself. To live in a fool's paradise and wake, with a start, to a life which is terrifying—a nightmare, in which all other dreams are killed, or are a mockery of the reality."

"Hush, hush, you must not talk so. I—I cannot bear it."

"I suppose I am very selfish, but it is all very bitter to me now. Oh! if I were only a man! A man can outlive a disgrace he has not created—a woman, never! A man can disgrace himself even, and it is forgotten in a little while, but—oh! I must not talk like this. What I suffer is, perhaps, nothing to the torments my poor father has suffered. We only see the outside—perhaps he has fought again and again for a new life, and no one has shown him any kindness or given him a chance."

"It may be—it may be," said Mark, who was thrilling with the agony ex-

pressed in her eyes and the lines about her mouth.

She was silent for a few moments, and then she started to her feet.

"I can never see *him* again—never let Hartley come here again. It would be horrible to face him now. He looked so—so *contemptible*." She almost hissed the word as the color came again into her face and her bosom heaved. "I am sure my father has not such a soul as *his*. He would not have spurned me thus. I'll go to him—yes, I'll go to him. My place is with him—his life is mine. If it is good enough for him, it cannot be too bad for me—anyway, I am his daughter, and I cannot remain here."

"But you must not be robbed of your youth, dear. Your father's life cannot be yours. It is too late for us to change his life—it is out of your power—it is out of his power. I cannot let you spoil your life like that. I—I—could not bear to lose you."

She laid her hand on his arm, softened at once.

"My dear uncle—I cannot think of you yet as anything else—you have always been so good to me. I owe you everything; but now I know I have no claim on you, I must go—I *must* go."

"But I have a claim upon you, Ruth. Your poor mother made me promise that I would see you never came to any harm. She gave you into my keeping, and—I must say it—you cannot go to your father, poor girl. He is dead to you. All the best that is in him would revolt at your going into his life. We can go away from here—anywhere you choose, but I cannot let you wreck your life. I cannot lose you."

"But I want to get away from this life which is all a sham one for me. I want to be where I shall pass only for what I am—where there will be none to despise me. Where—"

"Despise you! Do you think I de-

spise you? Now, I must plead for justice. Why should I despise you, who have known your secret all these years, and loved you as if you were my own child? And as for others—why should you care if they despise you, if my heart is ever open, ever full of love for you? I have tried to love you as a daughter, Ruth, and a daughter should not speak so."

"Forgive me—I did not know what I said. I am not just to-night, for everything seems so unjust. I am as great a coward as—" She could not bring herself to utter the name, but nodded to the door through which Hartley had gone.

"He cares nothing for anybody, but lives only for the approbation of his little world," said Mark. "He is not perhaps so much a coward as the victim of mean aspirations. He deceives himself as well as others. It is best to learn it quickly, my dear. He never loved you—he was attracted by you, but he loves only his ambition, and you were to be the means of attaining it. You must forget him, and take up your old life again."

"It is so easy to say forget—but can any woman forget being struck across the face by a man? She may forgive—but she can never forget. And I loved him—I loved *that* man. Perhaps I love him still—a woman hardly knows in a moment like this—but, oh! if I could only make him feel a little of the humiliation, the misery I have lived through to-night—"

"Hush—let all this past die. It will soon seem only like a bad dream to you."

"A woman never forgets having loved—never! She can never forget having been flung into the gutter. O uncle! I hate him—I despise him, and perhaps I love him, too."

"Contempt cures love."

"Ah, but can love cure contempt? Will you never repent having sheltered the daughter of a thief?—is that what my father is? A thief!—a thief! It rings in my ears as if I were a thief, too. And what is the difference? In the

world's eyes it is as bad to be the daughter of a thief as a thief."

"But you must not live for the world. We can escape from the world—the world which knows us."

"Ah, yes, but one can never escape from one's self—from one's thoughts, from the knowledge of not being what one seems."

"Yes, one can be what one seems. You are not talking like the old Ruth. She could not have forgotten there is a world in which one can escape from one's self. In the love for others—the doing of good deeds for others one can live a dozen lives, and not one merely."

"Yes—one forgets these things when trouble seizes one. I am *not* the old Ruth. I can never be the old Ruth again. I have forgotten many things to-night."

"And you will begin to learn better things to-morrow." He listened to the sound of wheels and the rattle of harness, and then threw open the windows and then stepped out on to the drive.

"Where have you been?" he shouted to the coachman.

"I have just driven Mr. Vedder home, sir," replied the man.

It was true. Vedder had ordered the carriage himself after leaving the library. He could not surrender his dignity before the servants and he played his part to the end. Although Crackanthorpe had ordered him out of the house, he rode home through the rain in Crackanthorpe's carriage, and actually regained some of his self-esteem, through the sense of immunity from the evils of the wet, hurrying crowds on the sidewalks and the delightful rhythm of luxury in the whirr and clatter of the wheels over the cobble-stones.

CHAPTER XV

THE artist Bonfellow never did get Ruth to sit for him, for Mark Crackanthorpe and Ruth left for England before Bonfellow had obtained all the sittings he needed for Crackanthorpe's portrait. But he got his check just the same, and it was accompanied by an introduction to that eminent citizen, the Hon. Richard

Cady, who had been desired by his admirers in the Young Men's Democratic League to sit for a full bust portrait of himself to be hung in the debating hall of the League.

The sudden departure of Crackanthorpe and his "niece," just before the opening of the season, was commented upon in the society columns of the newspapers, and in a little while it leaked out that the engagement between Hartley Vedder and Miss Brandon had been suddenly broken off. All sorts of reasons were assigned for the rupture, and to Vedder's credit it must be said that though some of them reflected upon his character he remained silent. It was thought strange that Mr. Vedder should contract a summer engagement with an heiress, but society soon ceased to wonder about it. But when late in the year it was announced that Vedder was to marry a Mrs. Aaron Verplanck, the relict of a wealthy Californian speculator, who had been visiting some friends in Boston, highly imaginative portraits of himself, his bride-elect, and Miss Brandon appeared in the papers throughout the country, and he was congratulated upon the felicity of his selections in sarcastic paragraphs, and was the most-talked-of young man in Boston society for a whole week.

Since their return from the White Mountains Mrs. Cady had shown an increased interest in Mary Valentine, and while the Hon. Richard's portrait was in progress, the two women often visited Bonfellow's studio together to see the presentment of the great man grow upon the canvas. The news of Vedder's engagement did not affect Mary at all. She told her mother that she was only glad that Ruth had escaped being mated to such a fortune-hunter, for she retained pleasant memories of Ruth's friendly advances, now that Vedder no longer excited even her contempt. As long as the portrait was still in Bonfellow's studio, and he kept it a long time to add little finishing touches, keeping Mrs. Cady in suspense lest he should spoil all at the last moment, Mary seemed to have quite regained her old spirits. It was

with a strange sinking of the heart that she learned one afternoon as the dusk was falling that the picture was to be sent to the Young Men's Democratic League the next morning. She and Mrs. Cady had been in the studio since three o'clock, and the studio had grown dark as they sat talking. Mary was standing at the window overlooking the Common and Beacon Street. In the southwest trailed the crimson robes of the dying day, and a sadness seemed to fall upon Mary's heart as she watched the golden light among the bare trees, on the distant spires and misty hills, on the horizon fade, and gradually sink into the yellow-brown mist stealing from the south and swallowing up the long vista of the street below. As the street lamps begin to flicker into life, and lights like beacons appeared and flashed in distant windows and went out, and the blue in the north turned to gray, and from gray to violet, and an occasional faint rumble of the life below rose to her ears, Mary turned away from the window with a little sigh.

"Come, child," said Mrs. Cady, bustling out upon the landing. "We must be going. It is getting late."

Mary extended her hand to Bonfellow.

"You have a lovely view from your window here," she said, in a light tone. "Looking out over the city with its mystical lights and shadows at night must sometimes make you feel like another Teufelsdröck. I am quite sorry your picture is finished, for I have enjoyed my visits here so much. They have given me a glimpse of a new world. I am sure if I was here all the time as you are, I should be dropping into poetry like Silas Wegg."

"I shall have other pictures to paint—or, I hope I shall—I have my 'David and Saul' to finish yet, you know—and I hope I shall see you here again."

"If I can persuade Mrs. Cady—"

At this moment Mrs. Cady appeared in the doorway.

"Did you tell your mother you were coming home to dinner with me, Mary, or are you going home?" she asked with a negative air, for she liked both Bonfellow

low and Mary, and seeing them together set her thinking.

"I have to go home to-night. Mother is going to—"

"Then perhaps Mr. Bonfellow will chaperone you home, dear. I have to be home by six sharp for the Hon. Richard Cady has to attend a political meeting in the south end at seven."

"Of course, I shall be delighted," said Bonfellow.

"You ought to be," laughed Mrs. Cady. "Good-night."

"Good-night."

There was a silence in the studio. Mary and Bonfellow stood at the door and listened to Mrs. Cady scold the elevator boy for taking things so leisurely in his ascent, and then the sliding panel was slammed to, and the red feathers in Mrs. Cady's bonnet gave one final little flourish and disappeared. Bonfellow turned to Mary with a low laugh.

"What a dear, transparent old body Mrs. Cady is to be sure!"

"I don't think she is very deep or puzzling; but what made *you* say that?"

"She knew I was dying to escort you home, and she threw you without remorse into the lion's den—and trusted to the lion."

"Upon a mere plea of looking after the Hon. Richard, who has to be somewhere at seven! Well, I have some confidence in the lion too, and if he will only put on his hat and coat we will make a short cut across the Common."

"Are you in a very great hurry?"

"Well—I want to get away before the elevator stops running. Those dark twisting stairs are awful!"

"I somehow feel," began Bonfellow, in a different tone, and with an irrelevance that made her pause, and set her pulses beating, "I—er—feel as if when I send the Hon. Richard Cady away I shall be sending all the gayety and happiness and hope out of my studio forever."

"Oh! but you will have other sitters."

"Perhaps—probably. But I shall not have you coming in to see how the picture progresses. It is not the sitters I

care for. I would paint Mr. Cady over and over again for nothing if you would only come to see me at work all the time. I—no; let me speak. I love you. I want you to come and be my inspiration always—I want you to marry me."

"I've only known you for such a little while, and I'm afraid—"

"You cannot love me?—cannot grow to love me a little bit?"

"We are hardly acquainted, you know."

"Not acquainted after three months!"

"Well, what I mean is I am afraid you are speaking under the influence of a localized emotion. I've heard men are often carried away by the night and—such surroundings as these," with a sweep of her eyes around the littered studio.

"Ah, you wrong me. A man like me takes no account of calendars when he loves. You do not love me, or—"

"I did not say that," she said, slowly, turning away to the window.

In an instant he was at her side.

"Then you do love me, Mary."

"I think I might—perhaps."

"Perhaps? Perhaps what?"

"If I felt sure you would really love me as well in a year as you say you do now. Artists, you know, fall in love with their dreams, and are often afterward disappointed with the unimaginative reality."

"Some do, but I love you in a different way, Mary. Since you came into it my life has changed. Without you I shall be nothing; with you I may become anything—famous perhaps."

"There! the dreadful underlying vanity of the man—"

"Well, I only want to succeed for your sake."

"Indeed—hush! There's the clock striking. Listen; one, two, three, four, five, six. We've lost the elevator." She started for the door.

He caught her in his arms.

"But Mary, Mary darling, give me an answer. Do not keep me in this cruel suspense."

"I gave you my answer when I con-

descended to parley. Ah, Joseph, I am so happy!"

"My darling."

"You will not tire of me?"

"How could I tire of your sweet, generous heart."

"Men soon tire of hearts."

"And so do some women. But you and I, Mary, will be as happy as the days are long. You've made a man of me to-night. No more pot-boilers! I'll soon get my 'David and Saul' done now."

"I believe, sir, that you love me less than your canvases. But I shall always love you, rich or poor, successful or unsuccessful."

"God bless you."

He took her in his arms for a moment in the dusk, and then they started down the stairs.

"Be careful, dear. Take my hand!"

She turned round and said, a little sadly, "But mayn't you have to do more what you call pot-boilers with me than you will without me."

He laughed, and, leaning forward, kissed her.

"Then I'll pot-boil all my life, dear. I have youth and hope and strength—and with you I can do anything."

She reached his joyous exaltation with a sort of rebound of feeling. "And besides I can work, and I'm not so dreadfully extravagant, and I won't let you pot-boil now!"

"Then we'll have to live on bread and cheese. Every man has to do some pot-boiling, and every dog has his day."

"And you shall have yours. I will be a great tyrant and make you work hard and always do your best work. You work hard, and you have great talent, and you deserve to succeed. And I love you very much."

"I would have foregone all my hopes of success to hear you say that."

"And now, you dear boy, you shall keep them for my sake."

"Then kiss me, darling, for there's only one flight now, and we shall have to be very sober once we reach the street."

"You are quite sure you love me, and will never change your mind?"

"What a doubter you are, dear."

"A woman in love always doubts. Ah, no, I do not doubt you. I think I shall be very happy with you."

A step was heard in the hall below, and Bonfellow drew Mary hastily to him in the angle of the landing, and their lips met in a mutual caress.

"Now you are mine forever."

"And you mine."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE months went by, and Mark Crackanthorpe and Ruth were almost forgotten in Boston. The big house in Brookline was relet, and it was generally understood among commercial folk that Crackanthorpe had retired from active business, and was going to spend his time in leisurely travel.

For a few months Mark did take Ruth rapidly from one continental city to another, under the impression that by galloping through a series of new sensations she would forget the bitter experiences she had passed through. But Ruth soon wearied of this, and the end of a year found them domiciled in the Royal Hotel, the leading hostelry in Hastings, a quiet, late-season seaside resort on the east coast of England. The windows of their apartments overlooked the Marine Parade, with its vista of Crescents and Terraces, and the boats and perambulatory dressing rooms on the beach, and the sea dashing around the pillars of the pier.

On this particular afternoon, a mist had crept in to the land, swallowing up the sea, and the masts and the houses, so that the turbulent harmonies of the waters on the stony beach penetrated the heavy air occasionally like the burst of a demoniac chorus arising out of a chasm of darkness. Ruth, who had been sitting aimlessly trying to peer through the mist, likened it to "the wailing despair of a phantasm," and made her aunt, Mrs. Pangton, sit very straight and severely in her chair by so doing.

"My dear child, what a queer way you have of expressing yourself. I think the continual dashing of the water

against the embankment unpleasantly suggestive of wet feet and rheumatism—and that's all. I suppose you owe your strange notions to Mr. Crackanthorpe's bringing up. It should be made illegal for a man to attempt to bring up his child or any one else's child alone."

Mrs. Pangton was not an imaginative woman. She was Ruth's mother's sister, and her sole remaining relative. The family had returned to England after Mr. Brandon retired from business in Melbourne. Mark Crackanthorpe had often heard of the Brandon home in Sussex, and knowing the English love of old associations, had sought and found Mrs. Pangton in an unpretending village near the coast. She was a widow, and had sought her old home, as she put it, "to, at least, secure the company of its memories, as all the old faces were gone." But these memories evidently did not affect her spirits at all, for it was with great difficulty that Mr. Crackanthorpe could induce her to join him even temporarily. It was not that she was not anxious to see her sister's child. She would willingly have given both Ruth and Crackanthorpe house-room for an indefinite period. But she hated London, and she was afraid things would get dusty if she was away from home. For a number of years her principal occupation and satisfaction had been keeping things dusted and tidied, and bullying her maids for not rendering more enthusiastic co-operation in this consummation. She, however, finally yielded, when Mr. Crackanthorpe represented to her that Ruth needed a more distracting environment than Shoreham, and that she (Mrs. Pangton) could be such a beneficial influence over her. Mark stumbled upon the last inducement, little knowing that he could not have played a more diplomatic card. Mrs. Pangton had never had any children of her own, and like all childless women she had a great many theories about children, including infants in arms and grown-up young men and women. The opportunity offered of putting some of her theories about young marriageable women into practice upon Ruth was too much for

her. She had one great day of covering everything, not already covered up, in chintz, and leaving strict injunctions about the dust, joined Mr. Crackanthorpe in London. After a little while they had removed to Hastings, in deference to Mrs. Pangton's hatred of the metropolis, and it had since been arranged that Ruth should be left entirely under the care of Mrs. Pangton, who had taken a decided liking to her, while Mark Crackanthorpe went abroad.

After the revelation of that night in the library in Brookline Ruth had felt a strong desire to go out into the world and earn her own living, but the logic of circumstances, and Mark's plea that her mother had given him the right of protecting her, made her abandon the resolution. Upon thinking it over, she realized that she had nothing to take into the world's market that would procure her a livelihood, and she could not really contemplate a life of complete isolation: she could not bear to think of parting with Mark who had been brother and father to her all her life, and whom she loved with a deeper, stronger, different love from that which she had given Hartley Vedder. The sudden announcement that Mark was going to leave her with her aunt and travel, awoke anew her desire to get away—to go somewhere and earn the bread she ate. She had another, deeper feeling—a sense of abandonment, of disappointment, or despair. It was as if her life had suddenly been broken off, narrowed and twisted up to stunt its growth forever. When she heard that Mark was going away to leave her with Mrs. Pangton, whose liking she only reciprocated in a lukewarm fashion, being of a different temperament altogether, she felt numbed, and then overwhelmed, and then angry. Yes, she was angry. She had a vague feeling that she had been victimized—that she should have known the truth and the worst years ago, and have been brought up in her own atmosphere. Now she felt the reconstruction of her world destroyed in a breath—she almost felt she was being deserted—she could not put it into words—she could not formu-

late it in her mind, and mixed with her indeterminate resentment was a greater feeling of love and self-pity. She was very miserable. Then she remembered that Mark had told Vedder he was going to get married, and she wondered how such a thing could have escaped her memory all this time. She had completely forgotten it until she heard of this impending separation. It was all terribly distinct and vivid in her mind now. She recalled the very intonation with which Mark had uttered the words. In a moment the truth flashed upon her. She loved Mark in another way from that which she thought she had. She was jealous of this other unknown woman. As long as she had believed herself in love with Vedder, she had never thought how dear Mark was to her. Under the crushing blow of Vedder's renunciation of her, she had forgotten Mark's declaration that he was about to marry.

It seemed to her now that Mark's tenderness to her all through her trouble was a mockery. He meant well, as he always did, she told herself, and she could not reproach him, but—to leave her to marry another woman made his kindness cruel. What would she do when he was gone? How could she think of him in another's arms? Contempt had cured her of her love for Vedder. Now, with a shock, she realized that any life unshared by Mark would be horrible to her. She loved him. He was to her the personification of all that was noble and manly and lovable. Then with a swift recollection of all Mark had done and suffered for her, she determined to be happy in his happiness, for which he had waited so long.

"I am sure he has been all that the best of fathers could have been to me," said Ruth, after a long pause.

"I don't doubt that, my dear, but he has allowed you to think and to think in a very extraordinary way—and no good mother would have let you do that."

"I wish he would come home," sighed Ruth, irrelevantly, leaving the window and crossing the room to the fire. "He said he would leave London by the morn-

ing train, and now that he is going away so soon I want to see all I can of him."

"Of course. What makes him think of going back to America? Ugh! I hate America. London is bad enough with its omnibuses and trains making a noise day and night—but in America they are all in such a hideous hurry. I've never been there, but I've heard that people stand up at all their meals because they are in too great a hurry to spare the time to sit down."

Ruth laughed.

"You've been reading the *Times* and *Saturday Review*, my dear aunt."

"No, I can't waste time reading newspapers. When I was a girl, the women used to leave politics to the men. I confess I don't know who the prime minister is to-day, and I don't care to know. I never knew a woman who was up in the Eastern Question, or whatever it is, who could keep a room dusted. I believe in woman's sphere. It's old-fashioned, I know, but I believe in it."

"But can't women read and dust too, aunt?"

"No!—they waste too much time reading and thinking. One can't dust conscientiously and think. Think!—what's the need of women thinking?"

"Why, my dear aunt, a woman has to think before she gets married. You must have done so yourself."

"Dear, dear, what a Yankee notion! A woman has to get married—and think afterward."

Ruth smiled and said simply, "What a dreadful old heathen country England is! And to think you English people subscribe to foreign missions!"

"Why, Ruth, you mustn't talk so—you're English yourself. You can't remember your dreadful father."

"Poor father—I don't believe he was always dreadful. Anyway, I don't look at things from the English point of view."

"No, you don't," said her aunt, in pathetic resignation. "As my neighbor, Lady Bobsley, would say, 'You are too awful'!"

"Poor Lady Bobsley! What a pity somebody does not buy her a Webster's

Unabridged and let her get together a new vocabulary!"

"You mustn't talk like that of a baronet's wife. It's seditious!"

"Bosh! my dear aunt. Baronets and counts are selling for a dime apiece in New York."

"I shall introduce you to Lady Bobsley when we go to Shoreham. I'll undertake your conversion, and I'll guarantee in six weeks you'll be perfectly civilized."

"I hope not," and then slyly, "Does Lady Bobsley dust well?"

"Dust, child? She's a baronet's lady!"

"Well, you dust, and you're as well off as she is, aren't you?"

"Of course, but I'm not a baronet's wife. Lady Bobsley doesn't pay her bills it's true, and I do pay mine; but a woman with her position to support can't be expected to do everything."

"I hope I shall never be civilized," said Ruth, with great emphasis.

"I think that's positively wicked. What a cross you'd have been to my dear mother. But I really like you, dear, and you'll outgrow your queer notions."

A quick step on the stair, the door was thrown open, and Mark entered.

"Oh! here you are! The day has seemed fearfully long waiting for you. Did you lose your train?"

"Yes. But how punctual you expect one to be these days."

"I want to see all I can of you now that we are so soon to lose you."

"You almost shake my resolution to go."

"I wish I could break it," Ruth answered, simply, laying her hand on his arm. "But I suppose your business can't be postponed."

"Well, it's not so much a matter of business I'm going away for as pleasure."

Ruth blushed red and said nothing.

"Then why don't you give yourself a rest and let business alone," said Mrs. Pangton. "That's the way with all you Americans, you slave all your lives for a short holiday at the end of it, and when you're able to take your holiday you are such creatures of habit that

you've no taste for idleness. Now, my father retired before he was fifty."

"But I'm not going to slave any more, I was going to travel for pleasure."

"Not in America?"

"Perhaps—anywhere."

"Really, Mr. Crackanthorpe, you are an amazing man. 'Anywhere'—at your age. I should say a walk along the promenade here would be all the diversion you need."

"My dear madam, I'm not such a patriarch as that."

Mrs. Pangton put up her glasses and regarded him for a moment as if she had never seen him before. "Of course not," she remarked, judicially—"of course not—we are contemporaries."

Mrs. Pangton rose and left the room to dress for dinner, and something in the association of her ideas made her say to herself as she ascended the stairs, "He's not so very old—not so old as I have got into the habit of regarding him. I wonder"—and then she said, as she gained the landing, "yes, I'll put on my pale blue Josephine dress—I think blue sets me off, with my pearl necklace."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I DON'T know what I shall ever do without you when you are gone," said Ruth, when the door had closed. "I shall seem to live in a new world—and in a very dreamy one, too."

"Will you really miss me a little?"

"A little? If I only dare to hope you could stay—"

"I could if I only dared to stay, but—"

"I thought—I did not know I was driving you away. I thought you wanted to settle me here, so that you could travel—and marry. Of course, although you have not made a confidante of me," with an attempt at a little pout, "you know you have my congratulations."

"Me marry! What do you mean?"

"Why, didn't you tell Vedder you were going to marry yourself? I heard you. I have been worrying lately wondering whether you were deferring it in order to dispose of me first."

"Why, my dear Ruth, what a goose you are. I told Vedder I was going to marry because, as you know, I doubted him. That was a test. I thought he only wanted your money—and I was right. He has since married a millionaire's widow. When he heard who you were, and thought I was going to marry and so would change my will, he—well you remember. But now if you will let me make a confidante of you, I will tell you my reason for wishing to go away. Can you guess it?"

"No."

"It is this, I have grown to love you not as an uncle or a father, but as a lover—and I am past my prime—I am an old fellow, in fact. I have loved you thus ever since you grew into womanhood, and I could bear it and stifle it as long as you loved another. Now—now—I must go away. I cannot remain and see you belong to another."

"And so I really am the *other* woman?"

He looked at her blankly, and she continued, without looking up,

"If you still have a mind to carry out your threat to Vedder, I am sure the *other* woman is willing to—"

"My darling! And you can love an old fellow like me—really and truly love me?"

"Yes, really and truly—better than any woman loved a man before."

Two men stood on the steps of the Manhattan Club, in New York, one evening, watching another who slowly

descended, with tottering limbs and a blanched face.

"Yes," one was saying, "that's the celebrated Hartley Vedder. He married a million—he trebled and quadrupled it in Wall Street—and to-night he is not worth a dollar. Got squeezed in the panic last week. Tried to bear the market—got loaded up, the corner dropped through, and he lost every penny. Jay Boold finished his business. He made a brave fight and rattled Boold once, but this time Boold's clique settled him. He fell right into the trap."

"It must be a terrible blow to his wife. Was nothing saved?"

"Nothing. But she doesn't care as much as he does. She thinks him a great financial genius and the victim of a base conspiracy. The poor fool loves him—and is fairly happy. He only loves himself and his ambition to be rich and powerful—and he is miserable. He came to the club to-night to brave it out—and he goes home in a cab with probably his last dollar. That's the man's character crystallized. He loves no one and robs himself to pose before the whole world."

"A good character for a novel."

"Yes, he dies game enough; but what a home he goes to."

"Well, one woman loves him, and the worse his fortunes grow to be the more she will love him."

"That's often the way. He could be happier in his poverty than in his prosperity if he would, but he won't."

"No—Good-night."

THE END.

WHO'S seen my day?

'Tis gone away,

Nor left a trace

In any place.

If I could only find

Its foot-falls in some mind,—

Some spirit-nature stirred,

By deed of mine, or word,

I should not stand at shadowy eve,

And for my day so grieve and grieve.—*Selected.*

A SCHOOL OF FICTION.

BY OUR CRITICS.

The editors of this department will be glad to receive communications and suggestions from those interested in the subject, and to answer questions. All communications should be addressed to Editors of School of Fiction, ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, 532 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

IT is impossible to respond to half the requests for criticism that come to us this month from all quarters.

Here is a letter from Maine, beside it lies one from Texas, another bears a Canadian postmark, a fourth has found its way from the far West, and so on. Each brings its meed of praise, each expresses, in terms more or less flattering, full confidence in the judgment and discretion of the School. Now and then a fair correspondent almost disarms the critic.

EDITORS OF SCHOOL OF FICTION.

"GENTLEMEN:—It takes every bit of courage I possess to send this MS., but I am anxious for your criticism, even though you serve my production up 'with sauce piquante,' as you so mercifully refrained from doing in the case of one poor unfortunate.

"Let me say, *now*, that your Magazine *without* this unusual department is wonderfully interesting and instructive—*with* it, it is perfect. Later I may not be able to practice that magnanimity which I so much admire, but find so hard to emulate.

"However, I will know that if your criticism seems harsh, it is just and honest, and will show me wherein I am at fault."

Surely it is no light matter to attack a manuscript thus modestly presented. It would be far easier to retire from the field, or to dull the point of the weapon universally accounted mightier than the sword, but what would you have?

It is a terrible little instrument—the pen! It wounds in spite of everything. All that we can do to make the stab less cruel is to keep it free of gall.

"JUBILEE'S INVESTMENT"

Is a story of seven or eight thousand words which might have been compressed into half its present length with advantage.

It has no motive, no *raison d'être*. The narrative is rambling, the characters exaggerated; ditto the dialect, ditto, in greater degree, the style.

The "Investment," when it at last arrives, is tame and ineffective; Dulsy's explosions are too frequent and too uncalled for to be amusing, and the little interest there is in the story attaches to what the author evidently considers a mere side issue—the unexpected answer to Uncle Cyrus' prayer. The whole thing is pitched in a false key, it is *crescendo*, *fortissimo*, and the high notes are sustained until they become excruciating.

Now, why should a woman, capable of writing the natural, graceful letter which accompanies her MS., meander through seven thousand words of this stuff?

"If she [Dulsy] cast a suspicious eye in his direction he would instantly cease his antics and assume an expression of religious fervor calculated to deceive, at least, his rather lax father, who doubtless attributed his evolutions and grimaces to holy zeal."

"Jubilee, who was bowing with extreme grace and deference behind the speaker's chair when the devotions were thus rudely interrupted, jerked himself erect from a deep and profound salaam, and looked fearfully wise and solemn as he rolled his orbs heavenward."

Has the author read the negro stories of James Lane Allen, Richard Malcolm Johnson, Octave Thanet?

Are not the books of that most appreciative and charming delineator of darkey character, Thomas Nelson Page, within her reach? Few can hope to equal these writers, it is true, but every one may study their works as models of unaffected style.

The author of "Jubilee's Investment" needs to learn a lesson in self-repression.

She should have at the outset a well-matured plan for her story, with one great or small centre of interest toward which she should move gradually, but always directly. No branching off here or there, no distractions by the way. Let her also avoid the doubling and trebling of adjectives and the use of too many polysyllabic words. As for the beings who figure in a tale they need only blood in their veins, marrow in their bones. Given these, they will act the parts of men and women without much prompting from the author.

"NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE"

Is a very nice little story not open to any especial criticism.

"AN EXILE,"

A character study, or sketch rather, for the word "study" implies something more pretentious, is a rather clever bit of work up to a certain point, after which the interest flags and continues to decrease to the end.

The interpolation of a dream without any definite object is a mistake. The *denouement* is unsatisfactory, not to say commonplace, and one can but regret the seeming inability of the author to evolve *something* out of so promising an individual as the Jones of the earlier pages.

For the rest it is unevenly written—good in spots, as it were. There is too much "June sun," and the young hunters "lie a-basking" in it too uninterruptedly. This, with a general tendency to repetition, seems to impede the progress of the story, and blunts the edge of some otherwise keen observations. A writer, having for the most part excellent command of language, need not, time after time, resort twice or thrice to the same word in a page or sentence. Take, for instance,

"It was not many minutes before we came to a *clearing* of a few acres. Near one side of the *clearing* was," etc., etc.

And a little further on:

"After dinner we strolled around the

clearing, which was not more than ten acres in size, and inclosed on all sides by a gigantic wall of trees. The *clearing* was dotted thickly," etc.

While, of course, the double repetition stands out more vividly when two extracts are thus placed in juxtaposition, a careful reader would detect the sameness even though the sentences were separated by a longer space than that which exists in the MS., and what is true of these two applies to many other instances.

"THERE ARE MARRIAGES, AND MARRIAGES."

The scene of this story is laid in the far West, and rarely have we encountered a more graphic description of that region than in the introductory chapters. In fact, throughout the story, the writer is at her best when treating of nature in her various moods. With human nature she is less successful. Mary Flower is morbid, not at all the sort of woman one would expect to inspire a grand passion, yet she holds through many years the love of William Wesley and Fraley Edmons, men of diametrically opposite natures.

Again, while it is possible, it is far from probable that a man would withhold from the woman to whom he is engaged and for whom he entertains sentiments of such lively affection, a story which could only redound to his credit, and must have increased rather than diminished the confidence reposed in him. Of course the idea was to save his friend from exposure, but so frank a person as Edmons ought to have found some explanation to offer for the loss of money which delayed the fulfillment of the engagement, and eventually caused it to be broken.

Had there not been inherent weakness in Mary's character, she and Fraley Edmons could hardly have drifted so far asunder, nor would the marriage with William Wesley ever have taken place.

With this marriage ends what may be termed the first part of the story. The second part, dealing mainly with Fraley Edmons' history, is retrospective, a style of narrative rarely successful, except

from the pen of an experienced writer, and in this case particularly vague.

From MS. page 82 to almost the conclusion of the tale, the reader's attention is divided between past and present, and the confusion is increased by the number of figures flitting through the pages without any special aim or object. The marriage of Fraley Edmons to Helen Woodbridge is as unsatisfactory as that of Mary Flower to William Wesley, so that instead of having "marriages and marriages" we have the wedding ceremony twice performed under almost identical conditions. We lay aside the MS. with a feeling that the author considers marriage decidedly a failure.

For the most part well written, in the descriptive passages sometimes rising far above mediocrity, there are yet glaring faults of style and occasionally slips of grammar.

"She took a mental picture of the room as *one* will when *they* feel that *they* are looking for the last time at pleasing things."

"No *one* ever gets all *they* hope for."

In both these cases the writer is guilty of the common mistake of mixing the singular and plural. In the first instance, the sentence should read, "as *one* will, when *one* feels, that *one* is looking," etc., etc. In the second, "no *one* ever gets all *he* or *she* hopes for."

On MS. page 100 we have, "He felt *like* he was working for himself" instead of "as if he were."

On MS. page 105, substitute *honor* for "honorableness."

In our opinion the first part of the story may remain intact, the second part would be improved by revision.

"MEN'S IDEALS."

This MS. was sent to the School of Fiction with permission to use as much of it as the editors might choose. There is nothing in it particularly deserving of blame or praise. It begins with an attempt to explain a German joke, and a good deal of space is wasted in fruitless attempts to make the point of the jest clear to the reader. But whatever of fun

there is in the original is lost in the translation.

For the rest, the matter is not very solid, the manner is rather flippant, but in the bushel of chaff there is an occasional grain of truth worth preserving.

Now, what is man's ideal woman?

Theoretically, she is a domestic creature, one who has a dozen children, who stays quietly at home—as she naturally would under the circumstances—who flies to get her lord's slippers the moment she hears his key turn in the latch, and always greets him with a smile. She does not object to clubs, never alludes to servants nor asks for spring bonnets, nor makes bills, nor argues. If he is grumpy she retires to a remote corner and embroiders until it is time to put the babies to bed. If her husband is pleased to jest she has the ever-ready smile on hand again. If he asks for music she plays Beethoven or McGinty indiscriminately to suit his fancy. Despite the frequent infant accessions she keeps up her music, of course, nor does time impair her voice or sewing dull the delicate touch of her fingers on the keyboard. She is forever young, eternally beautiful, a model wife and mother. Such a woman every man expects to marry.

The woman he falls in love with is an altogether different being.

There are two types of woman who charm men's wits away before marriage, and, occasionally, even manage to retain their power after the honeymoon has waned; one is the soft-eyed, clinging, fragile creature who looks up to man as to a god and keeps him well fed on subtle flattery. She asks advice, *your* advice, as being the best and wisest. She implies that whatever she is or hopes to become is through your influence, your guidance, tells you how beautifully you write or speak or paint or sing, and sighs to emulate you. If she sees that you are particularly interested in a subject, although she may not in the least comprehend the workings of your mind, she lifts her gentle eyes to your face and says that she sympathizes in your lofty ambition. She adores ambition. She has always felt exactly as you do, only she

could not express herself so *perfectly*. She knows you will succeed in whatever you undertake, because one has only to look at you to see that obstacles can never conquer your indomitable will.

Of course, you begin to think yourself an uncommonly fine fellow, and to look upon her as a discerning young person who recognizes genius at a glance, and unless some good Samaritan rescues you, the chances are that you will go through life believing that the opinion of your siren is worth having.

This is the sort of woman who boasts that she gets her own way by pretending submission, and who thinks it no shame to resort to subterfuge or deliberate falsehood when she has a point to gain. Her vocation is to smooth things. She dresses well, has plenty of small talk, fits into almost any niche in society. Whatever is her own, whether it be husband, child, or establishment, is better than any one else, and men love her because she is restful.

Her sister charmer, diametrically opposite to all this, suffers perhaps at the first glance by comparison. Her neck is less swanlike, her eyes, neither so large nor so blue, have none of the infantile appeal about them. Her attitude is that of a self-possessed woman, who, knowing her good points well enough to make the most of them, at the same time steers safely past the shoals of vanity and affectation. She is natural sometimes to the verge of unconventionality, vivacious, amusing, intelligently sympathetic, with a piquant beauty that defies analysis, and the figure of a sylph. Women will tell you that her nose is too small, her mouth too large—what not? for your true charmer is not as a rule popular with her own sex. They say she lays herself out to attract attention, while prettier women sit against the wall and wait to be sought, as if to wish for men's admiration were a crime and not one of the immutable laws of nature. Because there is in her that element of coquetry without which she would be only half fascinating, other women decry her, say she is fast, incapable of real feeling, tear her to pieces until they have robbed her of

every grace and nearly every shred of character. In reality the worst of her is on the surface. She says audacious things in an innocent way, and is saucy with an air of perfect simplicity, is clever without being a blue stocking, frank without impertinence, and, above all, she understands the difference between badinage and earnest. If you pay her a compliment she does not think you will presently follow it with a proposal, and so skillfully does she parry every blow that one can never tell when she herself is hit.

Once in a while she gives you warning of her own weakness.

"Do not take all I say too seriously," she says with an irresistible smile and a flash of the eyes by way of acknowledgment that she wishes you to disbelieve her own testimony.

"Do not trust my words too far, for, alas, I am a born coquette."

"You a coquette," cries the captivated hero. "Why a coquette is a false, heartless creature who plays with a man's love for a day to toss it away when it has wearied her—but *you*! You are the embodiment of truth, of frankness, of every womanly excellence."

And if the self-accused be half a woman this faith will make her all that the man who loves her thinks she is. Perhaps her soul has been longing for this very faith, searching for it among this army of admirers who adore her for some trick of speech, some pretty turn of her lissome body without a thought of the spirit within. It may be that she has been careful to conceal the real woman until now, but once let her heart be stirred by the reverent devotion of a man whose nature is larger, more bountiful than her own, and she becomes an ideal worthy of all praise. Freely as she has received does she give. As stimulating as her sister is restful, and men love her with every fibre of their beings, with intellect, soul, and body, with a passion that burns not out in a day.

She is ambitious, and they strive for what is highest; sympathetic, and they pour into her ear the very secrets of their

souls; above jealousy, and they have eyes for no other, indeed what other can bear comparison with her?

Even when they love hopelessly they cling to her through years, carrying her image into the loneliness of their lives, yielding to her refining influence, subjugated by the purity of one who is a

star to worship and a woman to suffer for.

Hackneyed as is the theme, it still retains its charm, and will do so as long as men and women live and love.

In our opinion "Men's Ideals" is better suited to a newspaper than to a magazine.

HIS MAGNIFICENT EAR.

TRYER'S foundry was dark and dull and gloomy, and the only light that ever came there crept in on fine days through a hole in the roof—one long beam of very dusty sunshine. The other light, that wasn't exactly real, came from the furnace, growling in red-hot rage at the dusty sunbeam. A regular dog-in-the-manger sort of furnace it was, and the poor sunbeam never stopped long, but shook the dust off itself and went away, leaving the foundry to the patient, toiling Tryer and his angry furnace.

Nobody else ever worked with Tryer, but now and then there were two who would look in on him. One was named Despair, and the other was named Hope, and though Tryer preferred the company of the latter it was the former who called on him the oftener. Sometimes Hope would come alone, and then Tryer liked it better, because Hope had such a charming way with her and said such nice things: told Tryer that he would be sure to succeed in the end, and perhaps very soon too. Sometimes Despair came alone, and then Tryer didn't like it so much. And sometimes they both came together, and everything that Hope said Despair contradicted, and *vice versa*, until at last one of them would go away in high dudgeon.

Tryer had toiled and the furnace had raged; Tryer had been sanguine and the furnace had glowed; Tryer had failed and the furnace had died, day in and day out, for many a long, long, weary year. And Tryer had done all this, and the furnace, from sympathy, had done

all that just makes a Bell. A Bell? A thing that tinkles in every street! A thing that clangs from every tower on gala-days! A thing that clamors above a church, when a couple of dreaming people mistake their heads for their hearts, and think the latter are to blame! A thing that tolls from the self-same tower, because one of us is coming along in even a deeper sleep untroubled by such a doubtful dream! Was Tryer doing this? He wanted to make a Bell. He had an idea, and he had an ambition. His idea was to make a Bell, his ambition was to make a perfect Bell. With Hope leaning over his shoulder, he had many a time poured the molten metal into the mold only to find, when it cooled down and the sand was brushed away, that a flaw was in the casting, and no true ring was in the Bell. Then would Despair, who had walked away toward the door during the operation, turn back frowning.

But now at last, when even Hope was not beside him, the hour had come when upon his foundry floor there lay that for which he had labored so many weary years: the realization of Hope's multitudinous promises—a *perfect Bell*. With nervous joy he lifted it from the floor and struck it. Throughout the gloomy foundry rang a clear, long, silver note, and Tryer could detect no fault nor flaw. The flames in the furnace leapt again, like Tryer's heart, and the roar that they made was a boisterous laugh of glee. Even the dusty sunbeam, emboldened by the apparent good humor of the furnace, seemed to feel itself

entitled to demonstrate a share in the general delight. So it fell across Tryer's shoulder, saying: "Bravo, my man! Well *done!* Well *done!* I say!" And Tryer felt even more pleased with that than at anything Hope or the furnace had said, nor did the furnace gape at its presumption, though it did at the vanishing figure of Despair; and when Tryer, with a triumphant light in his eyes, turned to look in the same direction, Hope, with outstretched arms and smiling face, was standing there upon the threshold.

"Listen!" cried Tryer, radiantly. He struck his beautiful Bell again, and Hope, with deeper sympathy than ever, came nearer still.

Scarcely had this second melody died to silence when Tryer and Hope and the Bell were all gone, and the furnace was out too, strange to say, while not even the sunbeam remained to shine across the door where Tryer and Hope and the Bell had disappeared.

Across the foundry-yard, pell-mell they went; down the long and narrow street, over the square to the grand Town Hall, and when they got there Tryer and the Bell were even in front of Hope. Up the winding stone steps leapt Tryer, until he reached the belfry, and there, within ear-shot of the whole town, he hung his perfect Bell.

"Shall I?" thought he, with nervous, delightful excitement, as Hope stood beside him in the high belfry.

"It may be a benefit to many," replied Hope, who could read his thoughts. So with a little wooden mallet, he struck his Bell again. If in the dull, dark, gloomy foundry its tone had sounded exquisitely melodious, what words could express the wondrous music that now burst like silver waves upon his ear! It floated out of the belfry window on to the sunny air around, in long melodious notes.

One by one, and then in threes and fours, the townfolk appeared in the square below, attracted by the unusual sounds. Some of these people had known of Tryer's long and silent labors, and had

laughed in their sleeves at his frequent failures; but now, when, with upraised faces they heard his silver music come floating from the belfry above, they turned them to their companions and said: "The man was bound to succeed, you see. I always said he would succeed, and I flatter myself I know a little about such matters."

Then somebody else came up the winding stairs and said he would like to strike the Bell, and Tryer, feeling honored and gratified by the request, allowed him to do so. Then some more came, and some more, until the beautiful sounds penetrated to the remotest corners of the town. Tryer was happy and in an ecstasy of delight thought of the long, dull laborious hours he had spent in his dark and gloomy foundry, with only Hope and his furnace to cheer him on to this triumphant goal. How different those hours seemed now, with the sound of the beautiful Bell on the air and pleasure on every one's face who heard it. No more dull labors now. His skill was proved, and the days to come looked bright with the prospect of successful work.

Day after day people went up to ring the wonderful Bell. Even the old and weak loved to hear it, and sat outside their cottage doors to catch the sounds as they floated down. Day after day weary pilgrims heard it from far across the fields, and rested for a spell with hearts made lighter by the peace and promise that its music brought.

By and by the fame of Tryer's Bell spread farther afield, and from a distance people came to be gladdened by its chime. There was hardly any who failed to be benefited by its voice, for even the deaf were overjoyed to see the brightness that it gave to those around them, and those around them now better understood what an affliction deafness was, and were kinder to them in consequence.

And still the fame of Tryer's Bell spread farther and farther afield, and the heart of its founder was very light indeed. Hope, who was now his constant companion—Despair was dead, or gone

a very long way off, with his ugly shadow—told him that he might make many more Bells as beautiful as this one, and Tryer had faith in Hope because Hope had always been kind to him.

So the pleasing chime continued o'er all the happy land, and none were happier than he who had labored for his happiness.

It must not be forgotten, however, that Tryer was a mortal, and that though mortals may be happy, they are not always happy during their mortalness. Tryer had not always been happy himself, nor, as you will see, was the happiness now obtained to be eternal.

One chill and cloudy day—oh! woe is me to so record it—there came from afar a man deep learned in musical lore, and expressed a wish to examine Tryer's Bell. His request was complied with. So, with a dignified air, he ascended the winding stairway. Great was the pride that Tryer felt to have so considerable a personage come to inspect his Bell. For some few moments the learned man stood silent in the belfry, and then said, looking over his spectacles at Tryer, with a learned smile upon his learned lips: "My dear good fellow, it is as I expected. You see, my ear is in absolutely perfect training and can detect the slightest flaw in sound, which you would very easily overlook." A gloomy disappointment settled heavily on Tryer's heart. "Your Bell is not perfect. You have never struck it hard enough. Now mark!" And before Tryer could prevent it, the learned man raised a large iron hammer and struck it a heavy blow. Like an agonized shriek, a discordant clang rang out upon the air, and the same instant a wide and crooked crack appeared from top to bottom of the beautiful Bell.

"There!" said the Professor, triumphantly, again looking over his spectacles, "it is as I said, you see. Your Bell had a flaw, otherwise—" and he drew his learned finger wisely down the long, wide, crooked crack. But Tryer, with anguish on his face and a heavy grief

at his heart, lay in a faint at the Professor's feet, and the dark draped figure leaning over him was the dark draped figure of Despair. It had come back at the shriek of his broken Bell.

And so the melodious chime was never heard again, except in the hearts of those who had heard it once, and still believed it musical; and it came to them to work them good whenever it was heeded.

Alas! the learned Professor was right. There *was* a flaw in the casting of the Bell, and his *magnificent ear*, so finely trained to detect all wrong, discovered in a moment the slightest fault, and he exposed it by the weight of his superior understanding. It is so much better, you see; it is so much in the interests of social progress, you know; it is but in obedience to the laws of right, etc., you understand, that these flaws should be displayed to us by men of superior understanding. Those hearts that were cheered by the melody of Tryer's Bell were soothed by the influence of false music, and the man with the iron hammer and the glass spectacles proved Tryer's Bell to be cracked, and that we are of unsound judgment. True, we were happy in our ignorance, oh! yes—but better not be happy at all than be ignorantly happy. The man with the iron hammer never made a Bell—not he—but his knowledge of music is supreme, and so sensitive is his ear that he has successfully cracked all the bells that have come within his reach, having detected a flaw in every one which others have been unable to discover. Such surprising learning deserves our deepest regard, and should prevent us from so readily offering encouragement to such misguided persons as Tryer and his like.

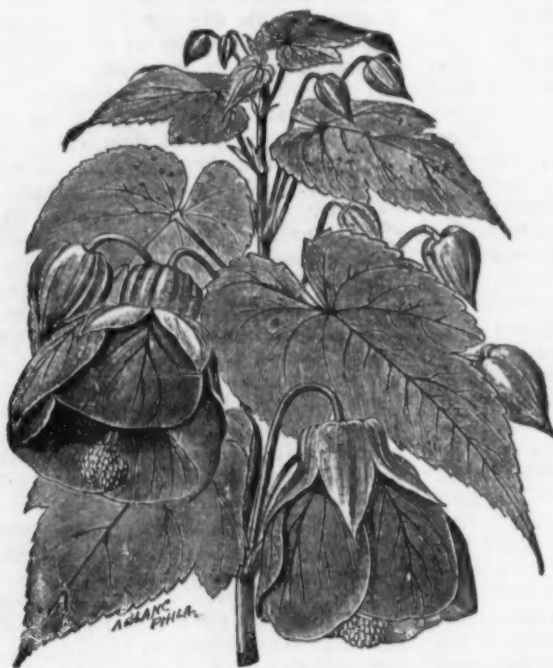
There are those who would argue that perhaps, after all, these faulty Bells do less harm, and possibly more good even, than the truth which destroys them; but such argument would so evidently exalt error above truth that it is quite beneath the serious consideration of conscientious logicians.

FLOWERS: IN-DOORS AND OUT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

THE ABUTILON.

THIS is one of the best plants for the amateur, because it requires very little care, and is not subject to attacks from any insect. It is an almost constant bloomer, and succeeds under conditions where most other plants would fail. With proper care a young plant becomes a good-sized shrub or tree in a short time.



ABUTILON ROSÆFLORUM.

The flowers are bell-shaped, and pendent, and have a very graceful appearance when seen hanging among the pretty foliage. Because of their shape, the plant is often called Bell Flower. The foliage of most varieties is shaped very much like that of our native Maple, and on this account the plant is often called the Flowering Maple.

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It grows well in a soil of loam and sand, with some good manure added. Give a sunny place, and keep moist at the roots, like the Geranium.

If desired in tree-form, train to one straight stem until two or three feet tall, pinching off all branches that start along the stalk. When the desired height is reached, nip off the top, and let branches start at the top of the stem.

If a shrubby form is preferred nip off the top of the plant when it is only a few inches high, and let several branches grow from the base.

There are several desirable varieties, the best of which are Bould de Neige, white; Rosæflorum, pink, and Crusader, scarlet. Some varieties have beautifully variegated foliage. The best variety is Eclipse. This is of a drooping habit, and makes a fine plant for use on brackets or in baskets. Its flowers are orange and scarlet, but they are not as attractive as the foliage, which is blotched with light and dark yellow.

THE ANTHURIUM.

This plant is a most striking and peculiar one. It grows best in a mixture of peat and sphagnum.

The soil should be kept quite damp, and the air moist as possible. The foliage is thick and leathery, and lasts for years. The leaves have deep veins along the edge in such a manner as to make them very attractive without variegation. But the chief attraction of the plant consists in its flowers, or what are called its flowers. Its real flowers are borne on a spadix,

precisely like those of the Calla, and are so small as to attract no attention, but inclosing this spadix is a spathe of intense crimson. This is generally considered the flower of the plant, as that of the Calla is, while in reality there is no flower about it. However, being brilliant in color, it passes for a flower. The contrast between this and the dark shining green of the foliage is very pleasing. The spathe, after a little, is recurved, and, as the spadix rises above it, also curved, the idea of a flamingo is suggested, hence the popular name of Flamingo Plant, which is given it. The spathe lasts and retains its brilliant color for months. It is easily grown in the sitting-room, if kept moist at its roots.

THE CAMPANULA.

"Bluebells" and "Canterbury Bells" used to be found in almost all old gardens, but the rage for new flowers and "novelties" has crowded them into the background for a time, but they are coming into use again, and will be all the more popular after their temporary retirement, because those who used to grow them will more thoroughly appreciate them after comparing their great merit with the worthlessness of many of the new plants they have experimented with.

As a border plant, the Campanula is deserving of a place in every garden. It is not one of the rampant growers that soon takes possession of the whole garden, if allowed to have its own way, but it holds its own from year to year, increasing in size and beauty without encroaching on its neighbors. There are two leading varieties, blue and white. These should be planted together for the sake of contrast. The flowers are borne on stalks about two feet high, and are drooping and bell-shaped. They can be grown from seed, or roots can be

obtained of most dealers in herbaceous plants. If seed is sown now, plants can be grown which will bloom next season.

THE CANNA.

Few plants are more popular at present than the Canna, especially for garden use. If given a good, rich soil, and



ANTHURIUM SCHERZERIANUM.

kept moist through the summer months, they make a strong, sturdy growth, and their luxuriant foliage, of various shades of green, with shadings of bronze, copper, and brown produces a rich tropical effect which is very pleasing in large groups or beds on the lawn. No plant succeeds better with ordinary care. Give it all it wants to eat and drink and it will do the rest itself.

Until within a few years this plant was grown solely for its foliage. It produced

flowers, but they were small and insignificant. Still, they had a brilliant



THE CAMPANULA.

color, and some of the enterprising florists thought they saw a flowering future for the plant, and set to work to see what they could do with it. The result has been wonderful. So much so that to-day the Canna is taking front rank as a flowering plant, and is grown quite as much for the beauty of its blossoms as of its foliage. The size of its flowers equal those of the Gladiolus, and

are of great variety of form and color. They are borne on long spikes, and come in intense crimson, scarlet, orange, and yellow, with many combinations of these colors. Some of them are shaped almost like the Amaryllis, and some suggest Orchids. Last year a new class was introduced—the French ever-bloomers, of which Star '91 is the representative. I have a plant that has hardly been without flowers since last summer. Every shoot is terminated with blossoms, and as these shoots are being sent off constantly it will readily be understood what the plant is capable of doing as a decorative factor in the greenhouse or window. It requires a large tub, rich soil, and frequent applications of liquid manure during the season.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOLLYHOCKS FOR NEXT YEAR'S BLOOMING.—Mrs. C. F. D.—In order to secure strong plants for blooming next season, sow seed in August. Leave the plants in the beds where sown, and cover with leaves at the coming of cold weather. Transplant in April or May to place where you want them to bloom.

WISTARIA.—Mrs. S. S. T.—This vine is considered hardy throughout the Northern States, but that it is not quite so I am convinced by my own experience. I find that the season's growth is pretty sure to be killed back badly, unless laid down and covered. If this is done for some years, the plant seems to acquire hardiness to withstand the effect of winter without covering afterward. In order to make laying down easy, care must be taken that the young shoots do not twine about porches or through lattice or brackets, as they like to do. Train them in such a manner that they will be all on one side of whatever serves as a support or trellis for them; then when loosened, it will be an easy matter to take the vine from its rack and spread out on the ground. Cover with earth or evergreen branches. Protection from cold is not what you must aim at, but protection from the effect of the sun. Cold weather does not kill plants, but the alternate

freezing and thawing which characterizes our winters does the mischief. When full grown, we have no vine more ornamental than the Wistaria. It often climbs

purest creamy white. A well-grown specimen is a most beautiful sight when in bloom. For cemetery use it is superior to any other Rose.



CANNA ELMANNI.

LOCATION FOR PANSIES.—C. B. B.—Pansies like a cool, airy place. The north side of the house is good for them, provided there is a free circulation of air. During the hot days of mid-summer you need not expect much from them. The few flowers they give you will be small, and have an inferior look about them,

to the eaves of a two-story house, where it makes a fine show when covered with its great purple clusters.

THE BEST WHITE ROSE FOR THE GARDEN.—Miss Anthony.—I think we have no hardy Rose quite equal to Madam Plantier. It is a rampant grower, often sending up shoots to a height that makes it seem almost a climber. When allowed to arrange themselves—and it can do this much more gracefully than we can, it becomes a rounded mass of slender stalks which, in early summer, will be loaded down with flowers. They are not very large, but they are borne in great clusters, are very double, and very sweet, and are of the

but don't get discouraged and pull up your plants as one of my neighbors did last year. Wait till cool fall weather comes, and you will find the flowers increasing in size and beauty. If your plants were grown from seed sown this season, they will flower very little before fall. They will be at their best next spring, if they come through the winter in good condition.

LIQUID MANURE vs. DRY MANURE.—George S.—Liquid manure is more immediate in its effect because it is in a condition which makes it readily assimilated by the plants. Dry manure must be subjected to the action of the moisture in the soil, before its fertilizing

qualities are liberated and made available.

FERNS FOR HOUSE CULTURE.—Mrs. G. O. Woods.—One of the best *Adiantums*, to which class the Maidenhair Fern belongs, is *Cuneatum*. This has very graceful foliage. If given a soil of leaf mold, and kept in a shady window, away from dust and hot air as much as possible, it will do very well in the house. *Pteris argenta* is another good variety for house culture. This has foliage banded down the centre with white. *Nephrolepis exaltata*, better known as Sword Fern, is quite sturdy, and is often seen growing vigorously in pots and baskets in the living-room. Any of these, which can be procured at greenhouses, are better adapted for house culture than those you can obtain from the woods, as they have been brought under cultivation, and adapt themselves to the conditions which prevail in living-rooms much more readily than specimens from the woods do. Still, you may succeed with native Ferns if you take small plants and pot them in the soil in which you find them growing. The chief difficulty one has with Ferns in the house is the dry air. If persons fond of these beautiful plants would only inclose a north window with a glass case in such a manner as to make it possible to shut the plants away from the air of the room, they could grow them to perfection. This would make it possible to preserve the necessary moisture of air about the plants and would keep away all dust, while allowing them to be displayed effectively. A window could be inclosed in this manner at small expense, and this would enable us to utilize and beautify north windows, where flowering plants generally fail to do well. Try it.

I am always glad to receive hints and suggestions about plants, and their arrangement from interested readers. Mrs. Robert Baker, of Marcellus, N. Y., sends this description of

A WINDOW GARDEN.

MR. REXFORD.

DEAR SIR:—Perhaps my window garden may be a little different from others and may act as a suggestion to some one

else. My idea was to have plants in my living room, and not have them a nuisance by being in the way—also to have them so they could be protected from dust. This is my first venture to amount to anything with house plants, and I think you would say I had been quite successful if you could see what I had to start with and what I have now. I had sent for some bulbs and was asking my husband to make me a box for them, or arrange a window, and as we had only our sitting-room with two west windows, he proposed that we cut the side of the room including the windows right out. I assented very willingly, so he proceeded after this fashion. The space cut out was eleven feet and it projects out only three feet, has four side windows and two end windows. There is a little jog up of six inches, where the space is cut out, which is filled in with spindle work and underneath this is the pole on which I hang my *portières* which I draw when I sweep to keep dust from the plants—also when the sun gets too bright. It is ceiled overhead with pine, the shape of the roof, and finished otherwise with butternut simply varnished.

I had a shelf eighteen inches wide, go the whole length of the window—also end shelves. On this long shelf I had two boxes of butternut wood, fifteen inches wide, and nearly as long as the shelf.

They are lined with galvanized iron, and have a drain pipe. Underneath this shelf is a cupboard with two doors in which I can keep bulbs, pots, etc. I sink my pots in these boxes, and plant vines between. I am thus able to take a watering pot and water all without slopping. I have some pretty dotted muslin curtains at the windows which are a protection when the sun is too bright. The window was not finished till Christmas, and I have had roses, sweet peas, verbenas, petunias, and hyacinths in blossom, and I did not plan last summer for a plant. I cannot say what the expense was, for my husband did the work and we had most of the material. It fully meets all my expectations, and my friends say it is an exceedingly pretty window, and makes my living-room so bright and cheerful.



U. S. GRANT.
BY LOUISE E. HOGAN.

THE subject of our sketch was the eldest of six children, and was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, on the twenty-seventh of April, 1822. Point Pleasant is a village on the Ohio, twenty-five miles above Cincinnati, and is celebrated only for being the birthplace of General Grant. He descended from the Grants of Aberdeenshire in Scotland, whose heraldic motto was "stand fast, stand firm, stand sure," which seems appropriate in the present instance. Matthew Grant, who emigrated from County Devon, England, was a passenger on the "Mary and John," and settled in Dorchester, Mass., in 1630. Noah Grant, a descendant of Matthew, emigrated to Windsor, Conn., in 1635, and was a captain in the old French war. He was killed in the battle of Lake George, the eighth of September, 1755. His son, also named Noah, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War from Lexington, where he served as a lieutenant, to Yorktown, the last engagement of that seven years' strife. This soldier was the General's grandfather. He had a son named for Chief Justice Jesse Root of Connecticut. This son was the father of the General. Jesse Root Grant was born in Westmoreland County, Pa., January 23d, 1794, but when ten years old his parents removed to Ohio. He was apprenticed, when sixteen, to a tanner at Maysville, Ky., and set up in business for himself, when of age, at Ravenna, Ohio.

In 1820 he settled at Point Pleasant and married Miss Hannah Simpson on June 24th, 1821. She was the daughter of John Simpson, of Montgomery County, Pa. Here, in the little one-story house, still in existence, was born the famous General. The house was comfortable enough in its day. It has become historic now, and will always be regarded with interest. Grant's mother was a very pretty, unpretentious girl, and a very worthy matron. She was a member of the Methodist Church, and her influence as a noble Christian woman has been far felt through her illustrious son. A year after the birth of Ulysses they removed from Point Pleasant to Georgetown, Ohio, where the father carried on his business as a tanner. A little incident, which occurred when the General was but two years old, is one of the first things of interest brought to notice. On the Fourth of July a neighbor suggested firing a pistol before the little fellow. His father gave his consent, and it was done by placing baby's finger upon the trigger, some one else pressing it until it took effect, when the pistol went off with a loud report. The future commander-in-chief hardly moved a muscle.

"Fick it again, fick it again," he cried, pushing the weapon away, wanting to repeat the experiment. A bystander remarked at the time, "That boy will make a general, he neither winked nor dodged."

His fondness for horses is well known. He loved them from boyhood. At the age of seven, during his father's absence, he harnessed a three-year-old colt that had been under the saddle, but never in

a vehicle of any description. He put the collar on him for the first time, hitched him to a sled, and hauled wood all day.

At eight years of age, he was the regular teamster on his father's place; at ten he used to drive a span of horses to Cincinnati, forty miles away, and return with a freight of passengers.

His father always related with a great deal of enjoyment an incident that occurred during a visit with the boy to a circus.

A pony came into the ring, and, as usual, a boy was called upon to ride him. Ulysses responded to the call and mounted, when the animal began to gallop madly around the ring, and tried in every possible way to unseat him, failing, however, in every attempt; then a monkey suddenly jumped up behind, the people shouted with laughter, the pony fairly flew, but Ulysses never budged nor showed the least sign of fear. The monkey was then directed by the ring-master to jump up on the boy's shoulders and cling to his hair: still he held on—and at last the pony, monkey, and ring-master had to give up the effort, and Ulysses was triumphant.

He always had a taste for daring feats. At the age of five he began to stand upon the barebacks of horses as he rode them to water, to the White Oak River. When nine, he would stand on one foot, with the other extended, holding on only by the reins, the horse going at the top of his speed.

A neighbor's boy was killed in an attempt to keep up with him.

He was remarkable for the tact he displayed during boyhood in teaching horses to pace. He once trained one in a ride of thirteen miles and back. At one time, at the age of twelve, he was sent by his father to a neighbor to buy a certain horse, with instructions to offer at first fifty dollars, if that failed to offer fifty-five, the limit to be at sixty. Ralston, the owner of the horse, wished to know how much the youthful purchaser was authorized to give. Ulysses, with amusing candor, explained his instructions in full, and, of course, the owner

asked sixty dollars. Ulysses, however, after examining the horse, refused to give more than fifty and the purchase was made for that amount.

He was small in stature at this age, and was a sober, quiet little fellow, not given to much talking. He attended church regularly and had a profound respect for religious worship.

He had what is commonly called an old head on young shoulders. An astounded phrenologist once exclaimed, after having examined his bumps, "It would not be strange if he became the President of the United States."

His educational advantages were very limited. He went to school three months in the winter until he was eleven, when even this was denied him. At one time his teacher gave the boys a difficult lesson. Some were in despair, saying they could not learn it. One of the boys told Ulysses that he might as well give it up, when another cried out, "You let 'lysses alone, he'll get it if any one can." The other boy replied, "But he *can't*." Ulysses got his dictionary and hunted for the word *can't*. He could not find it, and turning to the boy told him there *was* no such word, and that he would go by the dictionary. He mastered the lesson and won the praise of his teacher, who had overheard the entire conversation. The first book he read was the *Life of Washington*. He was very patriotic, and once gave his cousin from Canada a sound thrashing for speaking disrespectfully of Washington.

He was a boy of expedients, as the following incident proves. His father had a contract to build the county jail. Ulysses promised to haul all the logs, if his father would buy a certain large-sized horse to which he had taken a fancy. His father consented, but did not suppose the boy could endure the fatigue, so hired a man to take his place when he was worn out. The hired man followed the team for a few days and then declared the boy was more competent than himself to handle the big horse.

One day there happened to be no one to load the logs and Ulysses would have been obliged to return without them if

he had been unable to load them himself. A tree had been felled on the spot, the trunk resting on the branches, the butt on the ground, forming a convenient inclined plane. The big horse was hitched to the end of each log, and three of them were successively pulled up on the trunk of the tree, high enough to permit the wagon to be backed under them. Taking a long chain, to enable the horse to work beyond the vehicle, he whipped the end of it around each log and hauled them one at a time into the wagon, harnessed up again, and drove to the jail. This achievement, for a boy of twelve, was much talked of in the neighborhood. His character was strongly marked by a persistency in effort and a disposition to conquer whatever he attempted.

He was fond of playing marbles and once bet half a dozen, with a school-mate, that he would jump twenty-five feet at a single leap, selecting his own ground.

Grant went to a perpendicular bluff, twenty-five feet high, and jumped down at one leap, to his middle in the mud below—the soft mud preventing any broken bones.

He had no taste for his father's trade, and would hire a boy to grind bark in his place while he would earn the money to pay him in a more agreeable way. He told his father of his dislike for the business, and said he would remain until he was of age, but no longer. His father very sensibly tried to find out what he wanted to do. Ulysses thought there were three things he might like: to be a farmer, a "down-the-river trader," or to get an education. Inspiration must have suggested West Point, and the idea suited Ulysses very well. Mr. Grant wrote to Hon. Thomas L. Hamer, their representative in Congress, for that district, and the letter reached him just one day before his term expired, when his right to nominate a cadet to the Military Academy would cease. A young man previously appointed by Mr. Hamer had twice failed to pass the required examination, and thus the place was open for Ulysses. He was admitted, at the age of seventeen, on the first of July, 1839.

He was called Hiram Ulysses—Hiram by his grandfather, and Ulysses by his grandmother, who had read the *Odyssey* and was charmed with the hero of that tale.

In making the nomination, Mr. Hamer sent in the name of Ulysses S. Grant, confounding the name with that of his mother and brother. While at West Point the S stood for Sydney. Grant made two attempts to set the matter right, but failed, and ended by causing the S to stand for Simpson, in honor of his mother. She used to say to him when he was a boy, "Ulysses, I mean you shall not come to a bad name, if I can help it. Your father has called you by a great one, but if you will follow the advice of your mother as well as that of your father, no one will ever call you Useless Grant."

ANSWERS TO MARCH QUESTIONS.

51. Q. Name the first six presidents and give the dates of each one's term or terms.

51. A. George Washington, 1789-1797; John Adams, 1797-1801; Thomas Jefferson, 1801-1809; James Madison, 1809-1817; James Monroe, 1817-1825; John Quincy Adams, 1825-1829.

52. Q. What led to the war with Tripoli? What were the chief events of it?

52. A. The Barbary States were the home of pirates, who would scour the seas, capture merchant-vessels, and sell the crews into slavery. For many years the United States paid a yearly tribute to protect their vessels, but on the Bashaw of Tripoli demanding an additional sum war was declared. The chief events of this war, which was very short, were the capture of the American frigate "Philadelphia" in the harbor of Tripoli by the Tripolitans, its recapture and firing by Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, who was one of the bravest officers in the service. The defeat of the Tripolitan fleet, after which the Bashaw came to terms.

53. Q. Who was Aaron Burr and what treason did he attempt?

53. A. Aaron Burr was one of the

cleverest men and lawyers of the time in which he lived. He was Vice-President with Jefferson in his first term, but failed to be re-elected. He had become very unpopular by killing Alexander Hamilton in a duel, 1804. Soon after his defeat he engaged in a mysterious enterprise, which aimed either at wresting Mexico from Spain, or making a separate government out of the Southwest; the latter is the more probable, since the people west of the Alleghenies were discontented with the government, being separated from their homes by the mountains, and the people of Louisiana, which had just been bought by the United States from France, were displeased at being transferred to another government without being consulted, so both were ready for change. At all events, his plans failed. He was tried for treason in 1807, but acquitted for lack of proof.

54. Q. How did we gain Louisiana; and what did it include?

54. A. Napoleon being at war with England, and needing money, sold Louisiana to the United States for \$15,000,000. Louisiana included all the land east of the Rocky Mountains and west of the Mississippi River. This purchase was made in 1803.

55. Q. When and against whom was the battle of Tippecanoe fought?

55. A. Tecumseh, a noted Shawnee chief at the head of all discontented Indians, planned a general rising against the whites. General William Henry Harrison was sent against him, and defeated him at the Tippecanoe River, Indiana.

56. Q. What led to the war of 1812?

56. A. Great Britain, needing seamen in her wars with France, claimed the right to stop and search American vessels, and carry off such seamen as she decided were of British birth. Troubles ensued, and, as she persisted in her claims, war was declared 1812.

57. Q. What were the chief events of the years 1812-13?

57. A. 1812. General Hull, by cowardice, lost Detroit and Fort Dearborn, which was on the site of the present city of Chicago. His invasion of Canada likewise unsuccessful. Brilliant naval

victories. "Constitution," an American frigate, captured the British frigate "Guerriere," one of the finest vessels in the British navy. The "Wasp" captured the "Frolic," but was in turn captured by a British seventy-four. Victories were gained by the "Essex," the "President," and the "Argus." 1813. Americans defeated at Frenchtown, besieged in Fort Meigs, repulsed the British at Fort Stephenson. Great American victory on Lake Erie, September 10th. Americans victorious at the battle of the Thames, Canada.

58. Q. What were the chief events of 1814?

58. A. 1814. Invasion of Canada. Americans win the battles of Chippewa, Lundy's Lane. In September British enter Lake Champlain, defeated by Commodore McDonough. British victorious at battle of Bladensburg, enter Washington and burn the public buildings. September 13th, defeated at Baltimore. December 24th, peace signed at Ghent, Belgium.

59. Q. What were the chief events of 1815?

59. A. 1815. British defeated at New Orleans, January 8th. Peace with Great Britain declared, February 18th.

60. Q. What were the eleven new States admitted to the Union between the end of the Revolution and 1821; and what was the Missouri Compromise?

60. A. Vermont, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Mississippi, Illinois, Alabama, Louisiana, Maine, and Missouri. The admission of Missouri raised the question whether she should be a slave State or not. The question was finally settled by Clay's effort. The Missouri Compromise provided that Missouri might come in a slave State. Any State thereafter formed, south of Missouri's southern boundary might be slave or free as they themselves should decide, but north of that line slavery should not be allowed.

PRIZE WINNERS.

October—Sadie D. Rue, Bell Haven, Va.

November—Gertie E. Peckham, Leon, New York.

December—Florence Crandall, Nortonville, Kansas.

January—Scott Diercks, Sergeant's Bluff, Iowa.

February—Hallie Snyder, Arcola, Ill.

March—George K. Freeman, Murfreesboro, Hertford County, N. C.

QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

81. 1864. What were the chief events of the first six months of 1864?

82. What city in Virginia was besieged for nine months?

83. What were the most important events of the last six months of 1864?

84. What was Sheridan's ride?

85. 1865. What were the closing battles of the Civil War?

86. When, where, and by whom was Abraham Lincoln assassinated?

87. What occurred April 15th, 26th, May 10th and 29th?

88. What occurred in December, 1865?

89. What were the most important events of 1866-67-68?

90. Who was elected in 1868, and what States were restored to their relations to the Union in 1870?

OUR OWN.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

IF I had known in the morning,
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said went you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night?
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah, lips with the curve impatient!
Ah, brow with that look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

HOME CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY AUNT JEAN.

"When earth and Heaven and all
Things seems so bright and lovely for our sakes,
It were a sin not to be happy."

JUNE.

BY LICHEN.

SHINING on the hilltops, smiling o'er the meadows, comes beautiful June, fairest daughter of the year. In her presence all nature rejoices. The waters sparkle in the sunshine, the little brook dances and chatters along its pebbly way, the fields of grain and broad meadows of clover take on a brighter, richer green under the warmth of her smile, and the skies seem bluer than ever before.

At her bidding the forest trees assume their full summer foliage, and roses and lilies and innumerable flowers of the garden bloom in their richest luxuriance.

Spring is charming in its re-awakenings—its promise of good things to come. In the budding forth anew of tree and shrub, the opening of its fair, delicate flowerets more prized than any others by some, because they are the first; the returning song birds, and balmy breezes; but June is the season of perfection—the culmination of beauty and completeness; when this loveliness has attained its maturity and before the long heats of summer have parched or seared aught of its freshness.

Now the roses show forth their richest beauty, and the fair white lilies stand tall and stately, like pure young virgins of some vestal shrine. The snowy syringas look like white tents in the moonlight, and starry jasmines exhale the sweetest fragrance that flower-love can express. The long shadows spread over the grass, on cool delicious afternoons, and we lie, perhaps, in some shady nook under a broad-armed tree, with a favorite book, or watch the bees and butterflies, in their busy quests; or walk through sunny meadows or green woods, on pic-

nic or solitary strolls. Or if shut within our homes, unable to enjoy these out-of-door delights, still the sunshine and the brightness come in and rejuvenate and gladden—or *should* do so.

May its influence be reflected in many, many hearts, everywhere, bringing forth blossoms of love and hope, and soul beauty, and rejoicing; making the home-life and the world around us brighter, better, and more perfect as we think of and draw nearer to the God-love that is the source of all this. And even to those whose lives are so full of sadness or suffering that gladness seems impossible, may its sweet influence bring a soothing balm, a calm, gentle peace resting in the thought of that time when all shall be perfection and completeness in an eternal June.

FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE.

BY E. M. K.

"Like the sun let bounty spread her ray."

A FRIEND came to me one day, to ask me to assist her in her errands of mercy. I inquired what was expected of one who became a member of the society in which she was interested, viz., the Relief Society, and was told I should be required to visit poor families; report once a week at the Depository, the rendezvous of the workers, and solicit subscriptions from those who are more fortunate in the possession of worldly goods. I hesitated, but after thinking the matter over calmly and deliberately, I decided that as I had plenty of time at my disposal, I should endeavor to cultivate the inclination and do what I could in the cause of the poor.

"First loves to do, then loves the good he does."

I confess I felt rather awkward at first, but it was not long ere I became aware of the fact that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives.

The first family I visited represented such a picture of woe and abject misery that I was, for a time, dumfounded. The poor creatures were sickly and half-clothed; the cold air seemed to be coming in insinuating draughts from the windows, doors, and crevices in the hall. There was no blazing fireplace; no well-stocked larder; and the house-rent had not been paid for four months. It was awful; I could hardly realize that there was such poverty and destitution in the world; surely life was not worth the living in that home, surely all the sweet must be extracted from such lives, and naught but the bitter remaining. I hurried home, secured all the old clothes and comforters I could find, and would not listen to the remonstrance of my brothers when I quietly appropriated their flannels, boots or anything that showed any traces of the ravages of time. The sight I had just left was yet fresh in my memory; my heart was full of sympathy and sorrow for the poor shivering beings who were made of flesh and blood, but who were leading lives not worthy of the humblest of human beings. How utterly selfish I felt no one can tell; I felt as if I had been committing a great sin all my life in being so utterly indifferent and uninterested in all charitable work. I found it was much better to give than to receive, for the heart-felt thanks and gratitude which seemed to come from their very souls were truly sufficient recompense, and I resolved in whatever I should be obliged to economize, I would not do so in helping the poor and needy. God pity those who have not enough to satisfy the pangs of hunger, or to minister to the wants of the body; and let no one remain a passive spectator in the struggle that is continually going on around us. The Relief Society is most worthy and commendable; it endeavors to avoid pauperizing those who apply for assistance, and in many cases women have earned enough groceries for a whole family by sewing garments which are given in exchange. Such an organization has a grand mission to fulfill; it is intensely gratifying to those who give their labor of love to their

less fortunate fellow-citizens, by giving much practical comfort and relief to many cases of great emergency.

"Wise Plato said, the world with men was stored,
That succor each to other might afford."

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE FOR BABY.

BY LOUISE E. HOGAN.

THERE is great diversity of opinion in regard to clothing children, and it is difficult for any mother to determine just what to do when advised to adopt this style or that, as the *only* comfortable way of dressing an infant. The truth is that there is more than one way of dressing a child comfortably. There are a few things necessary with any style adopted, but in the main, a mother who watches her child closely and observes whether the garments cause annoyance or not, is sure to find some means of remedying any trouble that may exist. In the first place, it is positively necessary, for the well-being of the child to be evenly clothed, and to be clothed in wool from head to feet; different weights being used for different seasons. This means not only shirts and long stockings but woollen under-drawers also, to protect the outer portion of the leg. These garments can be procured for infants even at the Liliputian Bazaar in New York, and they are made in such a way as to be used with perfect ease.

The style of shoe used is a question of importance. The natural position of the toes must be considered, and the width necessary for comfort must be allowed. They should be long enough to keep the toes from pressing against the leather, and care should be taken to see that there is room enough above to keep the toes from pressing down against the sole. The soles should be even and thin for very small children and slightly raised at the heel for those who are learning to walk.

Outside garments should in some way be supported from the shoulders. A waist to which buttons are attached is the most convenient arrangement for this purpose. Two flannel petticoats in winter and one in summer with one of muslin are sufficient. The second one of flannel

nel for winter use can be made in princess shape with a waist with long sleeves, over which the nainsook dress can be readily slipped, and it is a great deal more convenient than the little sacks so commonly used, with the additional advantage of being less easily soiled when worn under the dress, a great boon to a mother who knows what washing flannels implies. Attention must also be given to clothing worn when taking the child out into the air, and changes in temperature must be closely observed. A nurse should be trained to bring a child into the house in winter the moment its hands or face become cold, and on a windy day it should not be taken out at all, nor upon a day that is colder than twenty-five degrees Fahrenheit.

A baby born in winter should not be taken out until May or possibly April if it is exceptionally mild and the child is well. At first it should be carried in the arms of the nurse, on account of the extra warmth required. The fact is often overlooked that infants require more warmth than is generally supposed to be the case. This is one of the reasons why a perambulator should not be used too early, the unavoidable jolting being another element not desirable at first.

The hygienic influences surrounding the child in regard to the nursery, bathing, etc., cannot be too carefully studied, and advice should be sought whenever there is the slightest reason for doubt. No mother should depend entirely upon her own judgment, no matter what her experience may have been, as every child needs its own peculiar treatment. A woman who keeps abreast of the times is of great assistance to the family physician, but she cannot take his place.

Every mother owes it to herself as well as to her child that she should be fully conversant with all the information that is to be obtained upon this subject from existing literature at the present time. The majority of household magazines have a "Mother's Corner," that generally contains valuable advice, and there is no longer any reason why women should not avail themselves of

these opportunities offered, as they are within the reach of all.

A HOME-CIRCLE SERMON, BY ONE OF ITS MEMBERS.

SEDDIE P. SMITH.

TAKE care of things in the first place, instead of patching them up in the day of their decay.

Don't neglect your complexion until it becomes thick, muddy, and rough, and then expect to conceal wrinkles and blemishes with cosmetics. Keep your blood pure, your temper under control, and your nerves quiet, and it will go far toward keeping your face fair and smooth, as well as lovable.

Don't neglect your teeth, that daily care, and now and then a bit of filling will keep for years, perhaps for life, and have toothache, bad health, and a bad breath, thinking that you can have the teeth out and replaced by "a set of nice new ones" by and by. Old friends are best.

Keep your hair while you have it, and keep it your crowning glory by giving it, at least as much care as the stable-boy gives your horse's coat. The daily vigorous use of the brush will keep it thick, glossy, and healthy.

Keep your hands as smooth and nice as you can, whatever your occupation; this means comfort and seemliness, not vanity. The signs of honest toil are no disgrace, but they need not be in ill-kept finger-nails, nor rough, coarse skin. Plenty of hot water and good toilet soap, with a little pure olive oil or vaseline rubbed upon the hands each night, will go far toward removing the wear and tear of labor.

Take care of your health and person in every way. Cleanliness is certainly next to godliness.

And after you have cared for your body care for your clothes. It is easier to brush, sponge, and take care of them in the first place than to repair them or to buy or make new ones.

A little oil or glycerine frequently applied to all fine shoes keeps them soft and

bright and greatly prolongs their usefulness.

Buttons missing from shoes, gloves, and other garments stamp the wearer as slovenly, and look poverty-stricken.

Clothing bearing upon it grease spots and the smell of stale cooking is an abomination unspeakable.

Let all your belongings be fresh, well-ordered, and seemly, as becomes every true man or woman, whether rich or poor.

And, finally, never fail to preserve your good breeding, your temper, and your self-respect. Without these, though ye wear purple and fine linen, and "sit in kings' houses," yet shall ye be to the world but as foul dust blown upon the wind, a presence harmful and unwelcome.

FLORIDA, April 2d, 1892.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE:

Suppose we talk about oranges; yes, sweet, juicy, luscious, Florida oranges, fresh from the trees! Are they not a subject worthy of our attention for a few minutes? I think so, and I am sure you would agree with me if you could sit here on the veranda and help yourself from this basket of golden beauties which the children have just brought from the grove.

To you they are simply oranges, delicious of course, but to us who know them as old friends they are Homosassa, Pineapple, Novel, Mediterranean sweets, and many other varieties.

I must mention more particularly the Tangerine, which ripens, with the other varieties mentioned, about December, also the Satsuma and Mandarin, which ripen in October, the earliest of all. These three varieties are the famous kid-glove oranges, so called because the peel can be torn off and the orange pulled in

pieces with the fingers without soiling the hands or kid gloves, as the case may be.

Another variety, which is a favorite on account of its late ripening, is the Harts late, which ripens in May after the others are nearly or quite gone. Oranges, if not picked, will hang on the tree a year and be equally as good as when first ripened.

The orange tree is an evergreen, growing from twenty to thirty feet in height, and will live from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years. Old trees will yield several thousand oranges each year.

The leaves of the orange tree are oblong in shape, dark green and glossy. The seedling trees have large thorns, but budded trees are comparatively free from them.

The time of blooming is in February and March, and the trees are then quite a curiosity to those who are unaccustomed to seeing them, as the ripe fruit often is on the tree while it is white with its fragrant waxy bloom.

The young oranges remain the same color as the leaves until August, when they commence to change to the golden yellow so well known to all lovers of this delicious fruit.

There are two other kinds of oranges, the sour orange, an acid fruit used only for drink, like lemons, and the bitter sweet, which is quite bitter and of little use.

In buying oranges choose smooth heavy ones, and if wanted for cooking the russets are equally as good and cheaper. If you have seen in this Magazine a delicious recipe for orange pudding, pie and cake, know that Florida oranges are at the bottom of it.

Yours cordially,

R. E. MERRYMAN.

EACH one is the creator of his own worth,
Upon myself . . .
It does depend how high I shall be valued,
'Tis his own will that makes man small or great.—Schiller.

EVENING WITH THE POETS.

OH! MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

OH! may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
To vaster issues.

So to live is Heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order, that controls
With growing away the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our dearer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude,
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow.

May I reach
That purest Heaven—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty.
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense;
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

STANZAS.

BY CHRISTOPHER F. CRANCH.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known,
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought;
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught.

Only when our souls are fed
By the Fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led,
Which they never drew from earth.

We, like parted drops of rain
Swelling till they meet and run
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

THE POET'S SONG.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE rain had fallen, the poet arose,
He passed by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild swan pause in her cloud
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
The snake slept under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought "I have sung my
song."

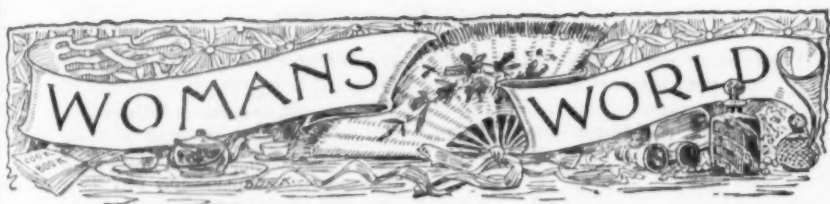
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

JOHN ANDERSON my Jo John
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my Jo.

John Anderson my Jo John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And many a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' aue anither;
Now we mair totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot;
John Anderson my Jo.



EDITED BY ELIZABETH LEWIS REED.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Miss E. L. Reed, Editor Woman's World, ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, 532 Wall nut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We cordially invite our readers to ask questions in connection with this department, which we will endeavor to answer, and also to send us any suggestions which they may have found useful in their own housekeeping.

FASHION NOTES.

GLOVES.

WHAT ARE APPROPRIATE WITH DIFFERENT GOWNS—HOW TO WEAR THEM AND WHAT COLORS.

SEVERAL of the rare shades of gloves shown this season are extremely effective when worn with appropriate costumes, but they become really garish when donned with a dress that does not harmonize. There is more in the proper selection of gloves than either the retailer or the customer very often imagines, as the subject is generally left to the clerk by the customer asking: "Will these gloves look well with such and such a dress?" making it really imperative for the clerk to be a woman, or a man of taste; for should they advise her wrongly, some day there will be a reckoning on the part of the customer.

As to the quality of gloves, a four-button glacé is worn for walking, traveling, and what is styled ordinary wear. In light and dark tan this glove may accompany any color except gray. The grays can be worn with any tint except a tan, as the gray glove does not harmonize with a tan suit, though a tan glove does not look quite so badly with a gray gown. A bright colored or conspicuous glove should never be worn for these occasions, which might be dubbed ordinary.

The Biarritz glove is worn for travel-

ing, walking, rainy days, playing tennis, and out-door and athletic sports generally. These are supposed to be thoroughly negligé, and are withal very comfortable to wear; but do not commit the mistake of supposing that they should be tight-fitting. It is safe for the customer to buy the size that she usually wears, and then they will fit with that stylish looseness that is particularly affected by the French women.

The réséda green shades that have a grayish tint are very handsome with a silver gray or black dress, particularly if the hat has a touch of foliage. Pearl gray, now one of the most fashionable of light colors, is successful with any costume, unless it be one of the tan tints. The new reddish shade affected by the French may be worn with gray, white, or black gowns.

Bright scarlet shades make the hand look larger, and yet may prove effective with an all-black evening costume, lit up only with a bunch of rich scarlet roses. Yellow gloves for evening wear may accompany any shade except lavender. Lavender gloves look well only with white, black, or lavender costumes. Flesh colored and pale pink gloves may accompany black, white, or self-colored toilettes.

Faint blue gloves look very handsome with forget-me-nots worn in the corsage of a black evening gown. The mode and putty drab shades, very often called "coachman's drab," are striking with any costume worn, except a tan. A dark reddish heliotrope has been worn with a black costume with most excellent effect. White gloves are nowadays worn for visiting and evening, with any color. A cream white does not seem as conspicuous as a dead white shade.

For evening wear a suede glove is the only one permissible. For afternoon concerts, or visiting, or even church wear (though the latter hardly comes

the bright shades and give the glove a remarkably stylish air.

The glove is such an important part of the costume that it seems as though too much attention could hardly be paid to this one little article, and yet, if we think about it, what portion of a woman's costume, unless it be her bonnet, has been as much written about as her glove?

It is stated upon good authority that it requires one hour to cut and examine a pair of gloves, and one hour to sew them, thus making two hours the length of time necessary for the actual making of a pair of four-button kid gloves.

TYING A BOW.

This is an art that should be ever present this season, owing to the styles prevailing of bows here and everywhere on bonnets, hats, and dresses. Some women have a natural deftness in tying a bow, while others never attain the bliss of making a graceful bow, which art French women are supposed to excel in.

We give several illustrations, Figs. 1-4, of stylish bows used in conjunction with a belt ribbon, all of which are dressy in effect. Plain or fancy ribbons may be used in widths from 12 to 22, No. 16, perhaps, being the favorite. The upper picture has a simple, girlish air, attractive for sweet sixteen, while the second illustration is a trifle more elaborate.

The third one, from its pointed form, will be found very becoming to a large figure. The fourth illustration is very dressy for a home or evening toilette, and the ends may fall half-way or entirely to the skirt edge, the belt passing entirely around the waist and the second ribbon coming from the side seam.

It is with just such dainty accessories that the womanly woman lightens the plainest of gowns, and thus has many changes by wearing a black or white dress and using colored ribbons to give it a different appearance for divers occasions.

THE LATEST COTTON DRESS.

Although the greater part of the making of cotton dresses is now over, there are always a few last ones to be finished



Figs. 1-4.

under the head of "dressy" occasions), a suede glove is preferable to the eight-button mousquetaire style. The new gloves having black finishings tone down

up after the excitement of Easter suits is done with, and these last ones are usually full of the latest quirks in the way of fashioning and trimming.

In the way of a dressy frock plain and printed dimity makes up well with a round waist or one having side forms, pointed black and front. In either case bag seams are used and not a lining. The large sleeve drops over a close cuff, and the skirt is either gathered all around or slightly gored in front and full in the back.

The skirt is finished with a flounce of lace or the material, with deep cuffs or a wrist frill on the sleeves. The waist is trimmed with a flat yoke, jacket forms, bretelles, jabot, or a deep fan of lace like a bib. Point de Genes, Point de Paris or Valenciennes laces are used, the latter usually appearing when a full effect is desired.

White and colored embroideries are worn as the laces are. The ribbon accessories are important, as they add a stylish finish in the way of a belt with long ends at the back, Watteau bow or a belt with a rosette in front, these being of Nos. 12 or 16 ribbon. A short sash of soft silk knotted in two upright and one falling loop and two ends is sometimes tied on the left side.

COLORS FOR FALL.

In the last few seasons some colors that may be called leaders have been special favorites. Blues and bluish-grays, reds, heliotropes, iron, silver, nickel, and other shades of gray have had their successful season's run, and in some cases have ruled during the whole year. Heliotropes have seldom been favorites for so long a period as they have been this season. Reds have disappeared only after having ruled a couple of years. Bluish-grays and paper blues have had a long run. Metal grays are still favored.

The coming colors are the browns, from the lightest to the darkest shade. These include light and dark bronzes, light and dark Havanas, chocolates, milk chocolate, chestnut, capucin and coffee brown, the English mustard shade, and gold, yellow or mordoré.

Bismarck brown appears under the new appellation of Prince's blue of Brun des Princes.

Another variety is plain brûlé or burned bread-crust brown. This, however, does not exhaust the list, and mention may be made of several more, such as castor brown and the well-known "loutre" or otter brown. Buffalo brown and écaille are two other varieties. This nearly completes the list of browns that have appeared up to date, but it is not unlikely that additions will be made.

Olive shades are recommended as a novelty, but this color is seldom found to be "dressy," and it is doubtful whether any lead will be given to it. A new olive is called "Dattier," from the date tree. An olive has a yellowish tinge and another a greenish reflex. A light olive, which closely resembles the natural color of olive oil, is called couleur huile d'olives.

A new olive green is vert Kronstadt, a light Russian green with yellow tinge.

POINT DE GENES HATS.

A large shape is of black silk Point de Genes lace, the brim of which was made by running silk covered wires through the meshes of the lace, thus drawing it into shape without any fullness. The crown is of soft puffings of the lace with a fan of the same in front. The top of the crown is nearly covered with flowers, and at the back erect loops of watered ribbon hold the upturned brim, with long ties hanging almost to the wearer's feet.

LACE SHAPES.

A large tan lace straw hat is simply trimmed with a large Alsatian bow in front of brownish satin ribbon, having two upright loops of brocaded pink moiré in the middle, and a full bow at the back drooping over the hair.

A black lace hat having one of the peaked crowns is trimmed with several rows of black velvet ribbon around the crown. The brim is covered with a frill of black lace, and there is a tuft of orange-shaded roses with black centres in front, and at the back a bow of two shades of orange ribbon, and a rosette of the

narrow black velvet ribbon perks up in an extremely impudent way, while black

is necessary to keep them within the pale of Dame Fashion's domain.

A narrow border of fine flowers or loops of narrow velvet or satin ribbon, a few flowers or rosettes in front, and on some of the small shapes, a large flat bow of piece velvet is placed so as to fall down over the hair.

Fig. 5 shows a bridesmaid's hat of cream bengaline, chiffon or crêpe made with a folded crown, drapery and erect pieces on the left side and tiny ostrich tips laid around the edge of the brim, with larger feathers at the back. The straight brim is slightly turned up at the back and a bunch of the smaller tips allowed to droop over the hair.

Another very charming hat is made of two plaques of fancy straw—the more lacey the better. Sew the straw round and round from the centre, stretching the outer edge very slightly, and fulling the inner edge likewise. The larger round is about the size of a dinner plate; the small one the size of a hat-crown. Under the larger plaque put a velvet-covered band of buckram, about an inch wide and twenty inches round; put a silk wire near the edge of the straw. On top



Fig. 5.

velvet strings are knotted under the left side of the chin.

A medium-sized hat of drawn net has a frill of black lace around the open square-shaped jet crown, and a wreath of small pink roses without foliage, in the centre of which at the front springs a crest of black feathers, while at the back loops of black velvet ribbon end in long ties of the same.

A black horse-hair bonnet is trimmed with light colored nacré moiré ribbon, with jet piquets standing erect in front. A little toque has a brim of black velvet in box plaits, with a crown of pink crêpon and a tuft of black feathers at the side held by a paste buckle. A Parisian correspondent sums up millinery this season by saying that the bonnets are small, the hats moderate, and the trimming, though placed high, is extremely light in effect.

A word as to bonnets: They are very small; but many ladies will not wear small bonnets and, therefore, some study



Fig. 6.

sew a wreath of ruby roses over the velvet band, and a few on the band under

the brim at the back, which is slightly turned up. Place the smaller plaque



Fig. 7.

over the roses, to form the top of the crown, and support from the inside with cross wires.

A plume of Prince of Wales tips fastened in with a rosette of black satin ribbon is placed to the left of the back, long ties coming from under the roses at the back. Bend it in one or two slight waves to take off the straight effect. Sprigs of rosebuds can be used in place of tips, and the hat can be made in a variety of combinations.

Fig. 6 illustrates a wide, flaring shape turned up in the back and held there with a bow of velvet, satin, nacré, moiré, or fancy ribbon. A second bow and two quills ornament the left of the front.

Some large black chip hats are prettily ornamented with alternate rosettes of No. 1 black satin ribbon and little bunches of violets laid around the crown so as to rest entirely on the brim. Long streamers of black satin ribbon decorate the back, also an erect bunch of violets and loops of ribbon. Inside of the brim is an inch fold of black velvet and a row of small single violets laid closely together.

Fig. 7 represents a jet crown over a wire frame, with a lace frill for the brim having wheat, laid here and there. A torsade of ribbon surrounds the crown, with lace, wheat, and bows at the back, from whence fall long ends of the ribbon.

PRETTY GIFTS MADE OF PAPER.

BY ELIZABETH LEWIS REED.

IT is surprising to find how much can be done in the way of decoration by the use of simple means. Probably but few people realize the many dainty and useful gifts that can be made out of the ordinary tissue paper one buys in the stores at a cent or two a sheet. With this paper, which comes in every imaginable color and shade, a

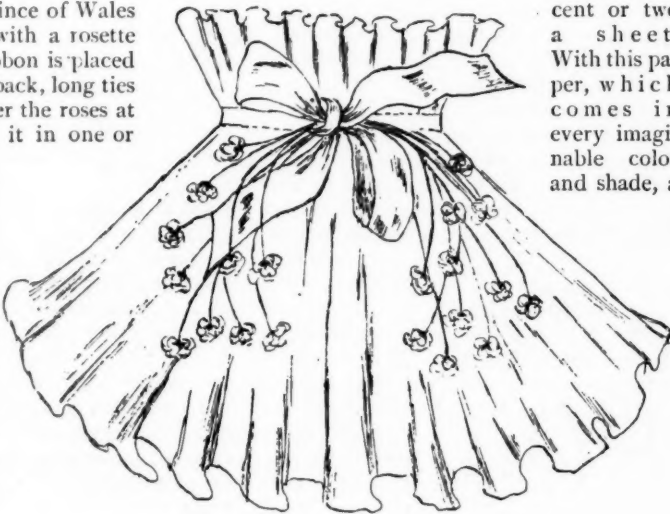


Fig. 8.

person of ingenious mind and dexterous fingers can manufacture the loveliest articles possible, at little or no expense.

Lamp and candle shades, fans, photograph frames, bon-bon boxes, handkerchief cases, and even hats and bonnets can be made of this obliging material.

Among the simplest of these are the candle shades (illustration Fig. 8).

For these you require a narrow strip of pliable card-board six and a half to seven inches long. Cover this on one side with mucilage and fasten on to it a piece of crinkled paper of any desired color, eighteen and a half to nineteen inches long, and five and a half inches wide, allowing enough at the top to form a ruffle. Do this carefully so that the tissue paper will have the appearance of having been "gathered on." To heighten the gathered effect take a knife and with the dull edge draw two lines where the paper has been fastened to the card-board.

When entirely dry, fasten the two ends of the shade together and carefully smooth the edge to make it stand out well from the candle. You now have the shade for the decoration. Paper flowers have the most graceful appearance. You may of course use your own taste in regard to the flowers themselves, and of these there are endless varieties. Daisies, Poppies, Buttercups, and

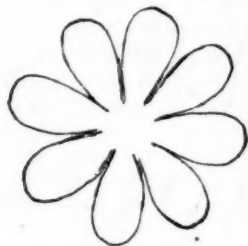


Fig. 9.

Roses all are popular, but one of the simplest as well as one of the most effective is the double Violet, which if well made so closely resembles the natural flower as to

lead one to smell it. To make this, cut (Fig. 9) out of plain tissue paper. Lay three of them, one on top of another

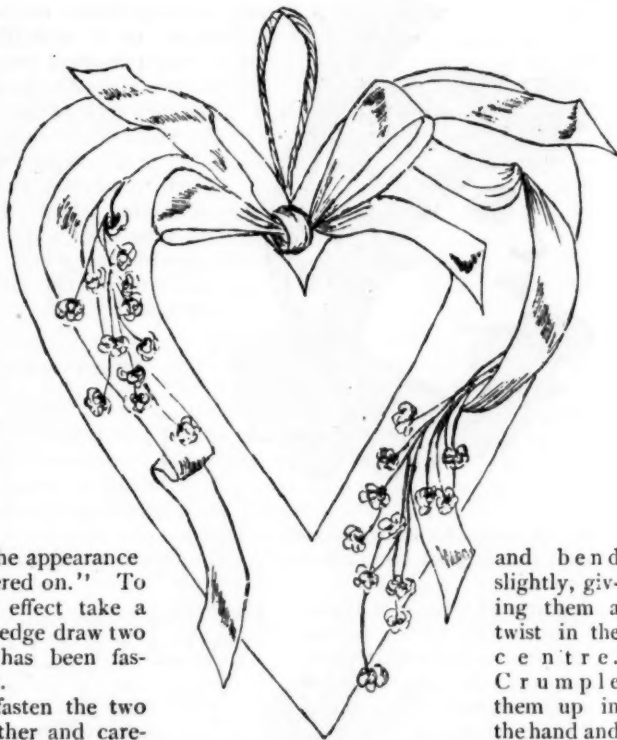


Fig. 10.

and bend slightly, giving them a twist in the centre. Crumple them up in the hand and then pull out the petals

just a little, and you have a very good imitation of a double Violet. For the stem take a narrow strip of dark green paper and roll tightly as for a lamp lighter, leaving a tiny bit unrolled at the top to fasten it to the flower by. Tie a bunch of these flowers with a bow of narrow ribbon and sew or glue it to the shade.

Photograph frames are exceedingly dainty made of card-board covered with crinkled paper and decorated with flowers of two shades. One before me as I write (Fig. 10) is covered with coral pink crinkled paper and has tiny bouquets of flowers of two shades of coral fastened to it with loops of ribbon. The frames are pretty made in any shape. A shaving case made of two pieces of card-

board cut almost square and covered with crinkled paper on the outside, a contrasting color lining it within, is very pretty. It is filled with sheets of fancy-colored papers which can be pulled out for use as wanted and filled again. A handle of twisted paper is fastened to the top and a bunch of flowers with a bow of ribbon forms the decoration on the outside cover.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. L. S.—In the fashion supplement to our May issue you will find several patterns of little boys' waists, any of which you can make up in cheviot, gingham, or linen at slight expense. You do not tell us the age of the little boy. If he is six or seven years old, No. 3189 would make a nice waist, but if older use 3370.

VIOLA T.—If you are tired of cuffs, but still desire the full sleeve coming to the elbow, gather a ruffle of the requisite length to reach from elbow to wrist, and allow it to hang full and loose about the arm. Leave enough material above the gathers to form a heading. I think you will like this.

MINNIE B.—We are glad you like the improvements in our Magazine. The material you ask about can be obtained at Wanamaker's, Darlington's, or any of the large stores in Philadelphia.

CHICAGO FRIEND.—We will be glad to answer your questions if you will write again. Your letter has unfortunately been mislaid.

JEAN HUNT.—Thank you for your very interesting letter. I am sure it will be useful to some of our readers.

DEAR EDITOR.—When your March number came (the best one ever published) I sent at once for pattern No. 3510, for it was just what was wanted to

make my twelve-year-old sister a dress by. Now, as your lovely Magazine enters hundreds of homes where economy has to be practiced, I would like to tell them about the way the dress was made. An old plaited mode-colored flannel furnished the material, but it was such an ugly color that it was decided to color it a navy blue. Accordingly two packages of Diamond navy blue dye were tied up in a bit of cheese-cloth and put to dissolve over-night. The next day the goods were dyed, dried, and pressed. It was cut out by the pattern, but was not long enough, so a scant ruffle was added to the bottom to lengthen it. Some tan colored cashmere was dyed a lovely crimson, and did duty in the waist and sleeves. Navy blue satin ribbon was used for the suspenders, with a dainty bow upon each shoulder. Where the sleeves were shirred at the wrists blue ribbon was put around and tied in a bow. A bow of the same ribbon was placed at the back of the neck and hung in long loops and cords below the waist. The suit is as pretty as any one could wish for a girl of her age, and all it cost was two dollars, spent as follows: three packages of Diamond dye, thirty cents; six yards of ribbon, at twenty cents per yard, one dollar and twenty cents; lining and silk, fifty cents; total, two dollars.

The ribbon was the most expense, but as it can be used for hair and neck ribbons later on it is not very expensive after all. I think the patterns we get free is a splendid feature in our Magazine.

If you want something cool for summer do not fail to get patterns No. 3518 for a lady's shirt waist. Make some out of outing flannel, and a best one from China silk, and you will bless ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE every time you put one on.

JEAN HUNT.

TIME the shuttle drives, but you
Give to each thread its hue;
And elect your destiny.



IN OCTOBER, 1892,

We will celebrate our 40th anniversary by publishing a large extra edition and a particularly handsome magazine, copies of which we will be glad to send to any old subscriber or the friends of any of our present subscribers.

This number will contain a short history of the magazine, a picture of its founder, T. S. Arthur, with a sketch of his life. It will be handsomely illustrated throughout, and will be a souvenir worth preserving.

Send in the names at once of any one to whom you would like a copy of this number sent.

THE INDIANS.

Our leading article this month is one that will interest deeply every citizen of this country.

The author of it is too well known to need an introduction to an American audience. There is, perhaps, no living man who knows more about the Indian or is better able to express it than General Lewis Merrill.

Both before and after the war he had a large and varied experience with nearly all the leading tribes, and was brought into such personal contact with them that they learned to love and respect him and gave him many opportunities of knowing their home life, their manner of living, their line of action and of thought under all kinds of conditions, such as few white men have ever had.

The General is so modest that it was hard to get him to undertake this article, but we are glad to be able to announce that he has agreed to write still another for us on the same subject.

In the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* of New York, last year, the editor of this magazine attempted to answer General Miles'

assertion that "the Indian race was practically a doomed one," but General Merrill has done it so much better, and with so much more knowledge of the subject that we congratulate our readers on the fact that he has consented to write on a subject that is, or should be, on the hearts of all.

WORK WILL WIN.

Apropos of our success with the "ARTHUR" we cherish the belief that unappreciated labor has no existence, but insufficient labor produces that which is so called. If you respect your work it will respect you; it will cast back into your hands exactly the amount of dignity you bestow upon it.

It has been just a year since we took the management of this Magazine into our hands, and we frankly confess that we feel proud of the advancement it has made, and sanguine for the future, but nothing of this has been accomplished without hard work. Will we be accused of egotism if we say we have lived up to our determination to succeed by being incisive in enterprise and methodical in management?

We were never ambitious to become "brilliant but erratic," better to remain a good wholesome journal as heretofore than a momentary luminary. We aimed only "to put out the dead wood," as Mr. Wanamaker aptly expressed it, and take on such new and clever writers as our means allowed. We have done this, we think—considering the time—with most happy results.

We have much more than doubled its former circulation, and its advertising pages show how it is recognized by the business they carry.

Last June had less than three pages; this June has twenty.

ARTHUR'S
NEW
HOME MAGAZINE
ILLUSTRATED.

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FRANK E. MORRISON, - - - Manager.

ALWAYS GIVE THE NAME of the Post-office to which your Magazine is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

585



BY JOSEPH P. REED

LITERARY NOTES.

JUST what it means to have a man of Mr. Howells' literary skill, long experience, and wide personal acquaintance with authors at the head of a Magazine was shown in the May number of *The Commonwealth*.

A glance at the "table" of the first issue under the new regime justified the curiosity and confidence with which critics and admirers laid in wait for its appearance, and from the posthumous poem, by James Russell Lowell, to the closing farce, by Mr. Howells himself, it presents a galaxy of literary and artistic lights.

In *the City by the Lake* is the title of a volume of blank verse by *Blanche Fearing*, author of *The Sleeping World*, which won such sincere and unsolicited praise at the hands of John G. Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Joaquin Miller, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Dr. Powers, and others. This new work, which is to appear shortly—brought out by the young women publishers the Misses Searle & Gorton, of Chicago—is composed of two long narrative poems, "The Shadow," and its sequel, "The Slave Girl." That it will be an event in the literary world, is manifest from the words of an able critic, who said of Miss Fearing's poetry: "It suggests the work of the great masters—of Tennyson, the Rossetts, and Mrs. Browning—without being too closely imitative to lose its own originality."

In a recent conversation with Mr. Hardy (says *The Bookman*), the novelist was asked why he gave *Tess* so sad an ending. "For the simple reason," he replied, "that I could not help myself. I hate the optimistic grin which ends a story happily merely to suit conventional ideas. It raises a far greater horror in me than the honest sadness that comes after tragedy. Many people wrote to me begging me to end it well. One old gentleman of eighty implored me to reconcile *Tess* and *Angel*. But I could not. They would never have lived happily. *Angel* was far too fastidious and particular. He would inevitably have thrown her fall in her face. But, indeed, I had little or nothing to do with it. When I got to the middle of the story, the characters took their fates into their own hands, and I literally had no power." This reminds one of the story of Thackeray when he was asked why he married Esmond to Lady Castlewood. "I didn't," he replied; "they did it themselves."

The recent death of Miss Sarah N. Randolph, the great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, calls to mind the fact that to her we owe one of the most delightful biographies of her distinguished ancestor that has ever been written. Her book, entitled *The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson*, first published some twenty years ago by Harper & Brothers, although written chiefly for the purpose of giving a faithful picture of the great statesman in his private life and relationships, has won no little praise for its frank and judicious exposition of the manners and thought of the times in which he lived. It is a work of permanent historical value.

Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie's new book, *The Light-Bearers*, comprising her papers on Tennyson, Ruskin, and the Brownings, will soon be published by Harper & Brothers. The volume will be enriched with portraits and numerous illustrations.

Roweny in Boston, by Maria Louise Pool, is winning appreciation abroad. A Kentucky lady residing in Cassel, Germany, says, in a letter recently received by a New York friend: "Before I knew who the author was, I thought of Howells; but one touch convinced me that she was a woman, where she spoke of the 'damp taking the crimp out of her hair.'"

NEW BOOKS.

Among the younger men whose names are current in literary circles to-day there are few about whom more curiosity is felt than Walter Blackburn Hart, who, within a year, has become recognized as one of the wittiest and fairest critics in contemporary literature. There is a French quality about Hart's monthly *Chronique* which has a savor of novelty for American readers, and he has set the critics as well as the poets and novelists reading. In a *Corner at Dodsley's*. His forthcoming novel, *Ambition on Crutches*, will be likely to be widely read and discussed.

The Presumption of Sex, by Oscar Fay Adams (Lee & Shepard), is a heartless series of papers on American morals and manners, which, published singly in the *North American Review*, brought about at the time the well-remembered skirmish of quills. The present volume opens with a manly and pointed introduction, and, in the added papers, "The Presumption of Sex," "The Vulgar Sex," etc., the author shows the same critical and just observation that characterized the earlier publications, and none but the narrow-minded and truly vulgar could find in it ought to give offense.

Two other books, from the same publishers, by their worth commend themselves to notice just here. One, *The Golden Guest*, by John Vance Cheney, and *Wood Notes Wild*, by Simeon Pease Cheney. The latter work is delightfully unique; it consists of the elder Cheney's observation of bird music in different parts of the United States, and as an ardent lover of nature and music, and especially addicted to listening for interpretation through sound, he has charmingly supported his many instructive statements by following the song of various birds in musical notation on the staff. The book is carefully edited, with appendix notes, bibliography, and general index by his son John Vance Cheney, author of *The Golden Guest*, a series of papers on what are the essentials of true poetry as determined by those whose literary pre-eminence gives authority to their opinions upon the subject; and, after having established the standard, he proceeds to test the productions of some of our leading poets by it. Every one will not agree with all of the author's conclusions, but all will concede that the essays reflect high scholarship and literary acumen. The analysis is very keen and incisive, and the views of the essayist are presented in a very logical manner. The following are the titles of the essays: "The Old Notion of Poetry," "Who are the Great Poets?" "Matthew Arnold, the English Critic," "What about Browning?" "Hawthorne," "Tennyson and his Critics," "Six Minutes with Swinburne," "Music, or the Tone Poetry."

Miss Bagg's Secretary, *Clara Louise Burnham* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). This is a very pretty story of the unexpected good fortune of an old maid and the good she does to others. It is bright and interesting throughout, and to those who know West Point and have cadet brothers and friends will have an especial charm.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

God's Image in Man, by Henry Wood.

Handbook of School Gymnastics of the Swedish System, by Baron Nils Posse.

It came to Pass, by Mary F. Sanborn (Lee & Shepard, Publishers).

In A Steamer Chair, and other 'shipboard stories, by Robert Barr (Luke Sharp), and *A Window in Thurms*, by J. M. Barrie (Cassell & Co.).

LONG HAIR

Is the glory of woman, and absolutely essential to beauty. To preserve its richness and abundance,



the greatest care is necessary, much harm being done by the use of worthless dressings. To secure a first-class article, ask your druggist or perfumer for **Ayer's Hair Vigor**. It is undoubtedly superior to any other preparation of the kind. It restores the original color, texture, and fullness to hair which has become thin, faded, or gray.

It keeps the scalp cool, moist, and free from dandruff. It heals troublesome humors, prevents baldness, and imparts to the hair a silken lustre and a lasting fragrance. Gentlemen as well as ladies find it indispensable. No toilet can be considered complete without

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

Small boils, sores, and eruptions, which disfigure many otherwise handsome faces, may be effectually removed by the use of the Superior Blood Medicine,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Has cured others, will cure you



THE VILLAGE EDITOR.

Under the hoary chestnut-tree
The Editor's sanctum stands,
The Ed., a wondrous man is he
With large and grasping hands;
And the muscles of his purse's strings
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is black and lank and long,
His face is like a pin,
His brow is wet with eager sweat
As he scoops a new joke in,
For the old have graced his inky page
Till they're pale and worn and thin.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can read his aged pun;
You can hear him clipping tottering tales
From the humorous New York *Sun*;
Like a wounded soldier who gasps for aid
When the battle is grimly done.

The poet-maids with poems armed
Look in at the open door,
And ask in a tone of passionate prayer,
Can they see the Editor?
And when they see him they are so glad
They never saw him before.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And vainly seeks to find
A plot for some new paragraph
Of a slightly humorous kind.
When the plate is passed his purse-strings still
Are the "blessed ties that bind."

Clipping, joking, and punning,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some tired pun,
Some joke at evening's close,
From the ice-cream girl to the plumber-man,
And the toper's ruddy nose.

Oh! thanks to thee, respected friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught;
Thus in perennial jokes and puns
Are fortunes to be wrought;
Oh! may you always radiate
Each funny, funny thought.

DUVVA MORGAN SMITH, in *Judge's Library*.

SIMPLY GUESSWORK.

Teacher—"What happened after the passing of
King Arthur?"
Dick Hicks—"The Prince of Wales made it
next."—*New York Herald*.

She (as they entered the ball-room again)—
"Now, for your own sake, look cheerful, so they
won't know I have rejected you."

He—"I wish I could, but I can't."

She (generously)—"Well, I'll look as unhappy
as I can, and they'll think I have accepted you."

—*Tit Bits*.

PROFIT IN POETRY.

The following letter shows how a young gentle-
man made money by publishing a book of poems.
The publisher wrote immediately after the book
was published: "Dear sir: Your whole edition
has gone off, leaving a balance of £20 in your
favor. Check inclosed. P. S.—There was a fire
in the warehouse and the contents were insured."—
London Tit Bits.

FORCE OF HABIT.

"I want to marry your daughter, sir," said
young Mr. Smith to de Pozit, the bank cashier.

"Sorry, sir," replied Mr. de Pozit; "but you
will have to be identified."

Conductor—"We have missed the connection,
and you will have to wait at this station six hours."

Old Lady (who is a little nervous on the rail-
road)—"Well, I'm safe for six hours any way."

A SMALL SCENE.

"The play that Mr. Dawson wrote for the
Home Histronics was spoilt, I hear, because a
distinguished patroness ostentatiously left the
house during the performance."

"Yes, that is so."

"What offended her?"

"I understand she said the actors interrupted
the talking in the boxes."—*Life Calendar*.

"Can you cook?" he asked, rather anxiously,
ere he popped the question.

"I don't know," she answered, "but I—I can
try."

"Not on me," he rejoined, reaching for his
hat.—*People's Aid*.

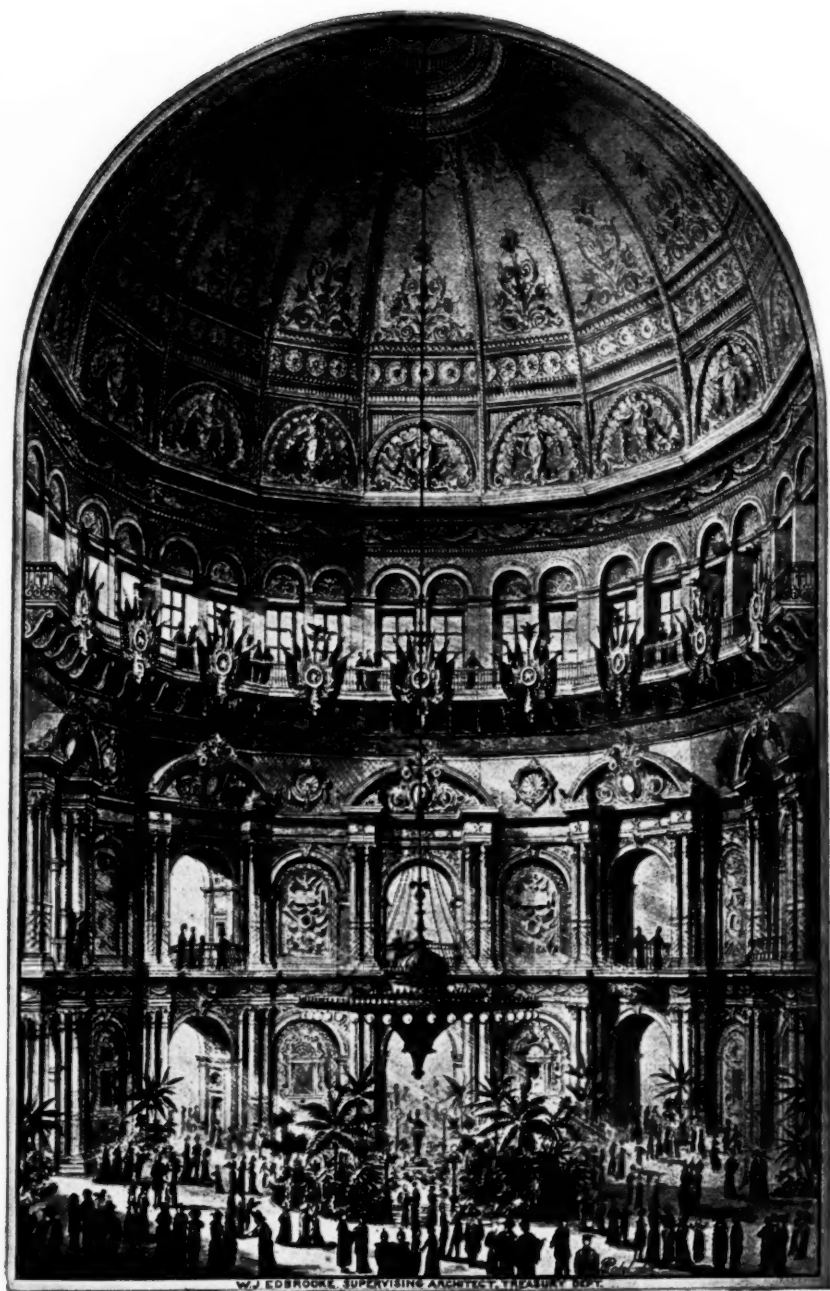
A STRONG ATTRACTION.

"Where are you going, my pretty fair maid?"

"I'm going to church, kind sir," she said.

"Why do you go so often, my pretty maid?"

"The minister's young and unmarried," she said.



INTERIOR OF DOME OF GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

120 feet in diameter, 150 feet high.

Built of iron and glass.